Greenes Tu Quoque,

OR,

The Cittie Gallant.

As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Queenes Majesties Servants.

Written by Jo. Cooke Gent.

Printed at London by *M. Flesher.*

To the Reader.

TO gratulate the love and memory of my worthy friend the Author, and my entirely beloved Fellow, the Actor, I could not choose being in the way just when this Play was to be published in Print, but to perfixe some token of my affection to either in the frontispice of the Booke. For the Gentleman that wrote it, his Poem it selfe can better speake his praise, then any Oratory from me. Nor can I tell whether this work was divulged with his consent or no: but howsoever it hath passed the Test of the stage with so general an applause, pitty it were but it should likewise have the honour of the Presse. As for Maister Greene, *all that I will speake of him (and that without flattery) is this (if I were worthy to censure) there was not an Actor of his nature in his time of better ability in performance of what he undertooke, more applauded by the Audience, of greater grace at the Court, or of more general love in the Citty, and so with this briefe character of his memory, I commit him to his rest.*

Thomas Heywood.

Upon the death of Thomas Greene.

How faſt bleake Autumne changeth Floraes dye,
What yeſterday was (Greene) now's ſeare & dry.

W. R.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

A Mercers Shop diſcovered, *Gartred* working in it, *Spendall* walking by the Shop: M. *Ballance* walking ouer the Stage: after him *Longfield* and *Geraldine.*

Francis.

WHat lacke you ſir? faire ſtuffes, or velvets?

Ball. Good morrow *Franke.*

Fran. Good morrow maſter *Ballance.*

Gerald. Saue you maſter *Long-field.*

Long. And you ſir, what buſineſſe drawes you toward this end o'th towne?

Gerald. Faith no great ſerious affaires, onely a ſtirring humour to walke, and partly to ſee the beauties of the City; but it may be you can inſtruct me: pray whoſe ſhop's this?

Long. Why tis *Will Roſſes* fathers, a man that you are well acquainted with. *Enter a wench with a basket of linnen.*

Ger. As with your ſelfe; and is that his ſiſter?

Long. Marry is it ſir.

Ger. Pray let us walke, I would behold her better.

Wench. Buy ſome quoifes, handkerchers, or very good bone-lace, Miſtris.

Gart. None.

Wench. Will you buy any handkerchers, ſir?

Spend. Yes, haue you any fine ones?

Wench. Ile ſhew you choice, pleaſe you looke ſir?

Spend. How now! what newes?

Wench. Miſtris *Tickleman* has ſent you a Letter, and expects your company at night, and intreats you to ſend her an angell, whether you can come, or whither you cannot. *He reades.*

Spend. Sweet Raſcall! if your loue bee as earneſt as your proteſtation,

teſtation, you will meete me this night at Supper, you know the randevows, there will be good company, a noiſe of choice Fidlers, a fine boy with an excellent voice, very good ſongs and bawdy; and which is more, I doe purpoſe my ſelfe to be exceeding merry: but if you come not, I ſhall powt my ſelfe ſicke, and not eate one bit to night.

Your continuall cloſe friend,
Nan Tickle-man.

I pray ſend me an angell by this bearer, whether ye can come, or whether ye cannot.
What's the price of theſe two?

Wench. Halfe a crowne in truth.

Spend. Hold thee, there's an angell, and commend me to my delight, tell her I will not faile her, though I loſe my freedome by't.

Exit wench.

Wench. I thanke you ſir; buy any fine handkerchers?

Long. You are taken ſir extremely, what's the object?

Gerald Shee's wonderous faire.

Long. Nay, and your thoughts be on wenching Ile leave you.

Gerald. You ſhall not be ſo unfriendly, pray aſſiſt mee; Wee'l to the ſhop and cheapen ſtuffes or ſattins.

Spend. What lacke you Gentlemen? fine ſtuffes, velvets, or ſattins? pray come neare.

Ger. Let me ſee a good ſattin.

Spend. You ſhall ſir, what colour?

Ger. Faith I am indifferent, what colour moſt affects you Lady?

Gart. Sir!

Ger. Without offence (faire creature) I demaund it.

Gart. Sir I beleeve it, but I never did
Tie my affection unto any colour.

Ger. But my affection (faireſt) is faſt tyed
Vnto the crimſon colour of your cheeke.

Gart. You relliſh too much Courtier, ſir,

Long. What's the price of this?

Spend. Fifteene indeed ſir.

Long.

Long. You ſet a high rate on't, is had need be good.

Spend. Good! if you finde a better i'th towne, Ile give you mine for nothing: if you were my owne brother, I'de put it into your hands, looke upon't, 'tis cloſe wrought, and has an excellent glaſſe.

Long. I, I ſee't.

Spend. Pray ſir come into the next roome, I'le ſhew you that of a lower price ſhall (perhaps) better pleaſe you.

Long. This fellow has an excellent tongue, ſure he was brought up in the Exchange.

Spend. Will you come in ſir?

Long. No, tis no matter, for I meane to buy none.

Gerald. Pre thee walke in, what you bargaine for, Ile diſcharge.

Long. Say ſo? fall to your worke, Ile be your chapman.

Ger. Why do you ſay I flatter? *Exeunt Spend. Long.*

Gart. Why? you doe;
And ſo doe all men when they women wooe.

Ger. Who lookes on heaven, and not admires the worke?
Who viewes a well cut Diamond, does not praiſe
The beauty of the Stone? if theſe deſerve
The name of Excellent, I lacke a word
For thee which merits more,
More then the tongue of man can attribute.

Gart. This is pretty Poetry, good fiction this: Sir, I muſt leave you.

Ger. Leave with me firſt ſome comfort.

Gart. What would you crave?

Gerald. That which I feare you will not let me have.

Gart. You doe not know my bounty; Say what 'tis,

Ger. No more (faire creature) then a modeſt kiſſe.

Gart. If I ſhould give you one, would you refraine,
on that condition, ne'r to beg againe.

Ger. I dare not grant to that.

Gart. Then't ſeemes you have,
Though you get nothing, a delight to crave,
One will not hurt my lip, which you may take,
Not for your love but for your abſence ſake. So farewell ſir;

Ger. O fare thee well (faire regent of my ſoule)
Never let ill fit neere thee, unleſſe it come

To purge it ſelfe;be as thou ever ſeemeſt
An Angell of thy Sex, borne to make happy
The man that ſhall poſſeſſe thee for his Bride.

Enter Spendall and Long-field.

Spen. Will you have it for thirteene ſhillings and ſix pence? Ile fal to as low a price as I can, becauſe Ile buy your cuſtome.

Long. How now man! what! intranced?

Ger Good ſir, ha you done?

Long. Yes faith, I thinke as much as you, and tis juſt nothing: where's the wench?

Gerald. Shee's heere ſir, heere.

Long. Vds pitty! unbutton man, thou'lt ſtifle her elſe.

Ger. Nay good ſir, will you goe?

Long. With all my heart, I ſtay but for you.

Spend. Doe you heare ſir?

Long. What ſay you?

Spend. Will you take it for thirteene?

Long. Not a penny more then I bid.

Ex. Ger & Long.

Spend. Why then ſay you might have had a good bargaine; Where's this boy to make up the wares? heere's ſome tenne peeces opened, and all to no purpoſe.

Enter Boy.

Boy O *Franke!* ſhut up ſhop, ſhut up ſhop.

Spend. Shut up ſhop, boy, why?

Boy. My Maſter is come from the Court knighted, and bid us, for he ſayes he wil have the firſt yeare of the reigne of his Knighthood kept holyday; here he comes.

Enter ſir Lyonell.

Spend. God give your worſhip joy, ſir.

Sir Lyon. O *Francke!* I have the worſhip now in the right kind, the ſword of Knighthood ſticks ſtill upon my ſhoulders and I feele the blow in my purſe, it has cut two leather bagges aſunder, but all's one, honour muſt be purchac'd: I wil give ouer my Citty coate, and betake my ſelfe to the Court Jacket; as for trade, I will deale in't no longer, I will ſeate thee in my ſhop, and it ſhall be thy care to aske men what they lacke, my ſtocke ſhall be ſummed up, and I will call thee to an account for it.

Spend. My ſervice ſir, never deſerv'd ſo much,
Nor could I ever hope ſo large a bounty
Could ſpring out of your love.

Sir Lion. That's all one,

I do love to do things beyond mens hopes,
To morrow I remoove into the Strand,
There for this quarter dwell, the next at *Fulham*:
He that hath choice, may ſhift, the whilſt ſhalt thou
Be maiſter of this houſe, and rent it free.

Spend. I thanke you ſir.

Sir Lion. To day Ile go dine with my Lord Maior: to morrow with the Sherifes, and next day with the Aldermen, I will ſpread the Enſigne of my knighthood over the face of the Citty, which ſhal ſtrike as great a terrour to my enemies, as ever *Tamberlaine* to the Turkes.
Come *Franke*, come in with me, and ſee the meate,
Vpon the which my knighthood firſt ſhall eate. *Ex: omnes.*

Enter Staines.

Staines. There is a divell has haunted me theſe three yeares, in likeneſſe of an Uſurer, a fellow that in all his life never eat three groat loves out of his owne purſe, nor never warmed him but at other mens fires, never ſaw a joynt of mutton in his owne houſe theſe foure and twenty yeares, but alwayes coſoned the poore priſoners, for he alwaies bought his victualls out of the almeſ-basket, and yet this rogue now feedes upon capons which my tenants ſent him out of the Countrey; he is Landlord forſooth over all my poſſeſſions: well, I am ſpent, and this rogue has conſumed me; I dare not walke abroade to ſee my friends, for feare the Serjeants ſhould take acquaintance of me: my refuge is *Ireland*, or *Virginia*; neceſſitie cries out, and I will preſently to *Weſtcheſter*. *Enter Bubble.* How now! *Bubble* haſt thou pack'd up all thy things? our parting time is come: nay pre thee doe not weepe.

Bub. Affection ſir will burſt out.

Staines. Thou haſt beene a faithfull ſervant to me, goe to thy uncle, he'l give thee entertainment, tell him upon the ſtony rocke of his mercileſſe heart my fortunes ſuffer ſhipwracke.

Bub. I will tell him he is an uſuring raſcall, and one that would do the Common-wealth good if he were hanged.

Staines. Which thou haſt cauſe to wiſh for, thou art his heire, my affectionate *Bubble*.

Bub. But Maſter wherefore ſhould we be parted?

Staines. Becauſe my fortunes are deſperate, thine are hopefull.

Bub. Why but whither doe you meane to go Maiſter?

Staines. Why to Sea.

Bub. To ſea! Lord bleſſe us, me thinks I heare of a tempeſt already, but what will you doe at ſea?

Staines. Why as other Gallants doe that are ſpent, turne pyrate.

Bub. O Maiſter! have the grace of Wapping before your eyes, remember a high tide, give not your friends cauſe to wet their handkerchers: nay Maiſter, Ile tell you a better courſe then ſo, you and I will goe and robbe mine uncle; if we ſcape, wee'le dominere together, if weebee taken wee'le be hanged together at Tyburne, that's the warmer gallowes of the two.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. By your leave ſir, whereabouts dwels one M. *Bubble*?

Bub. Doe you heare, my friend, do you know M. *Bubble* if you doe ſee him?

Meſ. No in truth doe I not.

Bub. What is your buſineſſe with Maiſter *Bubble*?

Meſ. Marry ſir I come with welcome newes to him.

Bub. Tell it, my friend, I am the man.

Meſ. May I be aſſured ſir, that your name is maſter *Bubble*?

Bub. I tell thee, honeſt friend, my name is maſter *Bubble*, Maſter *Bartholmew Bubble*.

Meſ. Why then ſir, you are heyre to a million, for your vncle the rich uſurer is dead.

Bub. Pray thee honeſt friend, go to the next Haberdaſhers, & bid him ſend me a new melancholy hat, & take thou that for thy labour.

Meſ. I will ſir. *Exit*

Enter another Meſſenger haſtily, and knockes.

Bub. Vmh, umh, umh.

Sta. I would the newes were true; ſee how my little *Bubble* is blowne up with't!

Bub. Do you heare, my friend, for what doe you knocke there?

2 *Meſ.* Marry ſir, I would ſpeake with the worſhipfull Maſter *Bubble*.

Bub. The worſhipfull! and what would you do with the worſhipfull Maſter *Bubble*? I am the man.

2 *Meſ.* I cry your worſhip mercy then, Maſter Thong the Beltmaker ſent me to your worſhip, to give you notice, that your uncle

is

is dead, and that you are his onely heire. *Exit.*

Bub. Thy newes is good, and I have look'd for't long,
Thankes unto thee, my friend, and goodman Thong.

Enter Maister Blancke.

Staines. Certainely, this newes is true: for see another, by this light his Scrivener! now M. *Blancke*, whither away so fast?

Bla. Maister *Staines*, God save you, where is your man?

Staines. Why looke you sir, doe you not see him?

Bla. God save the right worshipfull master *Bubble*; I bring you heavy newes with a light heart.

Bub. What are you?

Bla. I am your worships poore Scrivener.

Bub. He is an honest man it seems, for he has both his eares.

Bla. I am one that your worships uncle committed some trust in for the putting out of his money, and I hope I shal have the putting out of yours.

Bub. The putting out of mine! would you have the putting out of money?

Bla. Yea sir.

Bub. No sir, I am old enough to put out my owne money.

Bla. I have writings of your worships.

Sta. As thou lov'st thy profit, hold thy tongue, thou and I will conferre.

Bub. Do you heare, my friend, can you tell me when, and how my uncle dyed?

Bla. Yes sir, he dyed this morning, and he was kil'd by a Butcher.

Bub. How! by a Butcher?

Bla. Yes indeed sir, for going this morning into the Market, to cheapen meate, hee fell downe starke dead, because a Butcher ask'd him foure shillings for a shoulder of Mutton.

Bu. How stark dead? and could not *aqua vitæ* fetch him again?

Bla. No sir, nor *Rosa solis* neither, and yet there was triall made of both.

Bu. I shall love *aqua vitæ* and *rosa solis* the better while I live.

Sta. Will it please your worship to accept of my poore service, you know my case is desperate, I beseech you that I may feed upon your bread, tho it be of the browneſt, and drinke of your drink tho it be of the smalleſt, for I am humble in body, and dejected in

minde, and will doe your worſhip as good ſervice for forty ſhillings a yeare, as another ſhall for 3. pounds.

Bub. I will not ſtand with you for ſuch a matter, becauſe you have been my maſter, but otherwiſe, I wil entertaine no man without ſome Knights or Ladies Letter for their behaviour, *Gervaſe* I take it is your chriſten name.

Sta. Yes if it pleaſe your worſhip.

Bub. Well *Gervaſe*, be a good ſervant, and you ſhall finde me a dutifull maſter: and becauſe you have beene a Gentleman, I will entertaine you for my Tutor in behaviour; Conduct me to my pallace. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Geraldine as in his ſtudy reading.

Ger. As little children love to play with fire,
And will not leave till they themſelves doe burne,
So did I fondly dally with Deſire:
Vntill Loves flames grew hot, I could not turne,
Nor well avoyde; but ſigh and ſob, and mourne
As children doe when as they feele the paine,
Till tender mothers kiſſe them whole againe.
Fie, what unſavery ſtuffe is this? but ſhee,
Whoſe mature judgement can diſtinguiſh things,
Will thus conceit; tales that are harſheſt told,
Have ſmootheſt meanings, and to ſpeake are bold:
It is the firſt-borne Sonet of my braine,
We ſuck'd a white leafe from my blacke-lipp'd pen
So ſad employment, *Enter Wil Raſh and Longfield.*
Yet the dry paper drinkes it up as deep,
As if it flowed from *Petrarkes* cunning Quill.

Raſh. How now! what have we heere, a Sonet and a Satire coupled together like my Ladies Dogge and her Munkie; *As little children &c.*

Ger. Pre thee away, by the deepeſt oath that can be ſworne thou ſhalt not reade it, by our friendſhip I conjure thee, pre thee let goe.

Raſh. Now in the name of *Cupid*, what want'ſt thou, a pigeon, a dove, a mate, a turtle, doſt love foule, ha?
O no, ſhee's fairer thrice then is the Queene,
Whom beauteous *Venus* called is by name, pre thee let mee know what ſhe is thou loveſt, that I may ſhunne her, if I ſhould chance to meete her.

Long.

Long. Why Ile tell you ſir what ſhe is, if you doe not know,
Raſh. No not I, I proteſt. *Long.* Why t'is your ſiſter.
Raſh. How! my ſiſter? *Long.* Yes, your eldeſt ſiſter.
Raſh. Now God bleſſe the man, he had better chuſe a wench that has beene borne and bred in an alley, her tongue is a perpetuall motion, Thought is not ſo ſwift as it is; and for pride, the woman that had her Ruffe poak'd by the divell, is but a Puritan to her, thou could'ſt never have faſtned thy affection on a worſe ſubject, ſhee'l flowt faſter then a court-waiting woman in progreſs, any man that comes in the way of honeſty does ſhe ſet her marke upon, that is, a villainous Jeaſt; for ſhe is a kinde of Poeteſſe, and will make Ballads upon the calves of your legges: I pre thee let her alone, ſhee'l never make a good wife for any man unleſſe it be a Leather dreſſer; for perhaps he, in time, may turne her.

Ger. Thou haſt a Priviledge to utter this,
But by my life my owne bloud could not ſcape
A chaſtiſement for thus prophaning her,
Whoſe vertues ſits above mens calumnies,
Had mine owne brother ſpoke thus liberally,
My fury ſhould have taught him better manners.

Long. No more words as you feare a challenge.

Raſh. I may tell thee in thine eare, I am glad to heare what I do; I pray God ſend her no worſe husband, nor he no worſe wife: do you heare love, will you take your Cloak and Rapier, and walke abroad into ſome wholeſome aire? I doe much feare thy infection, good counſell I ſee will do no good on thee, but purſue the end, and to thy thoughts, Ile prove a faithfull friend. *Exit.*

Enter Spendall, Nan Tickleman, Sweatman, Purſenet, and a Drawer.

Spend. Heer's a ſpacious roome to walke in, ſirra ſet downe the candle, and fetch us up a quart of Ipocras, and ſo wee'l part.

Sweat. Nay faith Sonne, wee'l have a pottle, let's nere be covetous in our young dayes.

Spend. A pottle ſirra, doe you heare!

Draw. Yes ſir, you ſhall.

Spend. How now Wench! how doſt?

Tickle. Faith I am ſomewhat ſicke, yet I ſhould be well enough if I had a new gowne.

Spend. Why heer's my hand, within theſe three dayes thou ſhalt have one.

Sweat. And will you (ſonne) remember me for a new forepart, by my troth, my old one is worne ſo bare, I am aſham'd any body ſhould ſee't.

Spend. Why, did I ever faile of my promiſe?

Sweat. No in ſinceritie didſt thou not *Enter Drawer.*

Draw. Heer's a cup of rich Ipocras.

Spend. Here ſiſter, mother, and maſter Purſnet; nay good ſir, be not ſo dejected, for by this Wine, to morrow I will ſend you ſtuffe for a new ſuite, and as much as ſhall line you a cloake cleane through.

Purſ. I thanke you, and ſhall ſtudy to deſerve.

Spend. Here boy, fill, and hang that curmogin that's good for no body but himſelfe.

Purſ. Heroickly ſpoken by this Candle, 'tis pity thou wert not made a Lord.

Spend. A Lord! by this Light I doe not thinke but to bee Lord Major of London before I die, and have three Pageants carried before me, beſides a Shippe and an Vnicorne; prentices may pray for that time, for whenſoever it happens, I will make another Shrove-tueſday for them. *Enter Drawer.*

Dra. Young Maſter *Raſh* has ſent you a quart of Maligoe.

Spend. M. *Raſh!* zownds how does he know I am here?

Dra. Nay, I know not ſir.

Spend. Know not! it comes through you and your raſcally glib-tongu'd companions, t'is my Maſters ſonne, a fine Gentleman he is, and a boon companion, I muſt goe ſee him *Exit Spend.*

Sweat. Boy, fill us a cup of your maligo, wee'l drink to M. *Spendall* in his abſence, there's not a finer ſpirit of a Cittizen within the walls, here Maſter *Purſnet* you ſhall pledge him.

Purſ. Ile not refuſe it were it puddle: by *Stix* he is a bountifull Gentleman, and I ſhall report him ſo: heere M. *Tickleman*, ſhall I charge you.

Tickle. Doe your worſt Sergeant, Ile pledge my young *Spendall* a whole ſea, as they ſay, fa la la la la, would the Muſicke were here againe, I doe beginne to be wanton, Ipocras ſirra, and a drie bisket; here bawd, a carowſe.

Sweat.

Sweat. Bawd! I faith you begin to grow light ith head, I pray no more ſuch words, for if you doe, I ſhall grow into diſtempers.

Tickle. Diſtempers! hang your diſtempers, be angry with me and thou dar'ſt, I pray, who feeds you, but I? who keepes thy feather-beddes from the Brokers, but I? tis not your ſawſege face, thicke clowted creame rampallion at home, that ſnuffles in the noſe like a decayed Bagge-pipe.

Purſ. Nay ſweete Miſtris *Tickle-man*, be concordant, reverence Antiquitie.

Enter Raſh, Longfield, and Spendall.

Raſh. Save you, ſweete creatures of beauty, ſave you: How now old *Belzebub*, how doſt thou?

Sweat. Belzebub! Belzebub in thy face.

Spend. Nay, good words Miſtris Sweatman, hee's a young Gallant, you muſt not weigh what he ſayes.

Raſh. I would my lamentable complayning Lover had beene heere, heere had been a Superſedeas for his melancholy, and yfaith *Franck* I am glad my father has turn'd over his ſhop to thee, I hope I, or any friend of mine, ſhall have ſo much credit with thee, as to ſtand in thy bookes for a ſuite of Sattin.

Spend. For a whole piece if you pleaſe, any friend of yours ſhall command me to the laſt remnant.

Raſh. Why God a mercy *Francke*, what, ſhall's to dice?

Spend. Dice or drinke, heere's forty crownes, as long as that will laſt, any thing.

Raſh. Why there ſpoke a gingling Boy.

Spend. A pox of money, t's but rubbiſh, and he that hoords it up, is but a Scavenger: if there bee cardes ith houſe, let's goe to Primero.

Raſh. Primero! why I thought thou hadſt not been ſo much gamſter as to play at it.

Spend. Gamſter (to ſay truth) I am none, but what is it I will not bee in good company? I will fit my ſelfe to all humors, I will game with a Gameſter, drinke with a drunkard, be civill with a Cittizen, fight with a ſwaggerer, and drabbe with a whoore-maſter.

Enter a Swaggerer puffing.

Raſh. An excellent humour yfaith.

Long.

Long. Zownds what have we heere?

Spend. A land Porpoiſe, I thinke.

Raſh. This is no angry, nor no roaring boy, but a bluſtering boy; now *Eolus* defend us, what puffes are theſe?

Swag. I doe ſmell a whoore.

Dra. O Gentlemen, give him good words, hee's one of the roaring boyes.

Swag. Rogue.

Dra. Heere ſir.

Swag. Take my cloake, I muſt unbuckle, my pickled oyſters worke; puffe, puffe.

Spend. Puffe, puffe.

Swag. Doſt thou retort, in oppoſition ſtand?

Spend. Out you ſwaggering Rogue, Zownds Ile kicke him out of the roome. *Beates him away.*

Tickle. Out alas! their naked tooles are out,

Spend. Feare not (ſweet heart;) come along with me.

Enter Gartred ſola. *Exeunt omnes.*

Gart. Thrice happy dayes they were, and too ſoone gone,
When as the heart was coupled with the tongue,
And no deceifull flattery or guile
Hung on the Lovers teare commixed ſmile:
Could women learne but that imperiouſneſſe,
By which men uſe to ſtint our happineſſe,
When they have purchaſt us for to be theirs.
By cuſtomarie ſighes and forced teares,
To give us bittes of kindneſſe leſt we faint,
But no aboundance, that we ever want,
And ſtill are begging; which too well they know
Endeeres affection, and doth make it grow:
Had we theſe ſleights, how happy were we then,
That we might glory over love-ſicke men?
But Arts we know not, nor have any skill,
To faine a ſowre looke to a pleaſing will, *Enter Ioyce.*
Nor cowch a ſecret love in ſhew of hate:
But if we like, muſt be compaſſionate;
Yet I will ſtrive to bridle and conceale,
The hid affection which my heart doth feele.

Ioyce

Ioyce Now the boy with the Bird-bolt be praiſde: nay faith ſiſter forward, t'was an excellent paſſion, come let's heare, what is he? if he be a proper man, & have a blacke eye, a ſmooth chinne, and a curled pate, take him wench, if my father will not conſent, run away with him, I'le help to convey you.

Gart. You talke ſtrangely ſiſter.

Ioyce. Siſter, ſiſter, diſſemble not with me, though you doe meane to diſſemble with your lover, though you have proteſted to conceale your affection; by this tongue you ſhall not, for I'le diſcover all as ſoone as I know the Gentleman.

Gart. Diſcover, what will you diſcover?

Ioyce. Mary, enough Ile warrant thee, firſt and formoſt, Ile tell him thou readſt love-paſſions in print, and ſpeakeſt everie morning without booke to thy looking-glaſſe; next, that thou never ſleep'ſt, till an houre after the Bell-man; that as ſoone as thou art aſleepe, thou art in a dreame, and in a dreame thou art the kindeſt and comfortableſt bed-fellow for kiſſings and embracings; by this hand, I cannot reſt for thee, but our father ———

Enter ſir Lyonell.

Lyonell. How now! what are you two conſulting on, on husbands? you thinke you loſe time I am ſure, but holde your owne a little Girles, it ſhall not be long ere I'le provide for you: and for you *Gartred*, I have bethought my ſelfe already,
Whirle-pit the uſurer is late deceaſt,
A man of unknowne wealth, which he has left
Vnto a provident kinſman as I heare,
That was once ſervant to that unthrift *Staines*.
A prudent Gentleman they ſay he is,
And (as I take it) called maſter *Bubble*.

Ioyce. Bubble!

Lyonell. Yes nimble-chappes what ſay you to that?

Ioyce. Nothing but that I wiſh his Chriſten name were *Water*.

Gart. Sir, I'm at your diſpoſing, but my minde
Stands not as yet towards marriage,
Were you ſo pleaſde I would a little longer
Enjoy the quiet of a ſingle bed.

Lyonell. Heere's the right tricke of them all, let a man
Be motion'd to um, they could be content

To leade a ſingle life forſooth, when the harlotries
Doe pine and runne into diſeaſes,
Eate chalke and oate-meale, cry and creep in corners,
Which are manifeſt tokens of their longings,
And yet they will diſſemble. But *Gartred*,
As you doe owe me reverence, and will pay it,
Prepare your ſelfe to like this Gentleman,
Who can maintaine thee in thy choyce of Gownes,
Of tyres, of ſervants, and of coſtly Jewells;
Nay for a neede, out of his eaſie nature,
Mai'ſt draw him to the keeping of a Coach
For Country, and Carroch for *London*,
Indeed what mightſt thou not?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, heere's one come from Maſter *Bubble*, to invite you to the funerall of his uncle.

Lyonell. Thanke the Meſſenger, and make him drinke,
Tell him I will not faile to wait the coarſe,
Yet ſtay, I will goe talke with him my ſelfe:
Gartred, thinke upon what I have tolde you,
And let me er't be long receive your anſwere.

Exeunt Lyonell & Ser.

Ioyce. Siſter, ſiſter.

Gart. What ſay you ſiſter?

Ioyce. Shall I provide a Cord?

Gart. A Cord! what to doe?

Ioyce. Why to let thee out at the window; doe not I know that thou wilt run away with the Gentleman, for whom you made the paſſion, rather then indure this ſame *Bubble*, that my father talkes of, t'were good you would let me be of your councell, leſt I breake the necke of your plot.

Gart. Siſter, know I love thee,
And I'le not thinke a thought thou ſhalt not know;
I love a Gentleman that anſwers me,
In all the rights of love as faithfully,
Has woo'd me oft with Sonets, and with teares,
Yet I ſeeme ſtill to ſlight him. Experience tells,
The Jewell that's enjoy'd is not eſteem'd,

Things

Things hardly got, are alwaies higheſt deem'd.

Ioyce. You ſay wel ſiſter, but it is not good to linger out too long, continuance of time will take away any mans ſtomack i'th world; I hope the next time that he comes to you, I ſhall ſee him.

Gart. You ſhall.

Ioyce Why goe to then, you ſhall have my opinion of him, if he deſerve thee, thou ſhalt delay him no longer; for if you cannot find in your heart to tell him you love him, I'le ſigh it out for you; come, we little creatures muſt help one another.

Exeunt. Geraldine.

Ger. How cheerefully things looke in this place,
Tis alwayes ſpring-time heere; ſuch is the grace
And potencie of her who has the bliſſe,
To make it ſtill *Elizium* where ſhe is:
Nor doth the King of flames in's golden fires,
After a tempeſt anſwer mens deſires,
When as he caſts his comfortable beames
Over the flowrie fields and ſilver ſtreames,
As her illuſtrate Beautie ſtrikes in me,
And wrappes my ſoule up to felicite.

Enter Gartred and Ioyce aloft.

Ioyce. Doe you heare ſir?

Gart. Why ſiſter, what will you doe?

Ioyce. By my mayden-head, an oath which I ne'r tooke in vaine either goe downe and comfort him, or I'le call him up and diſcloſe all: What, will you have no mercy? but let a proper man, that might ſpend the ſpirit of his youth upon your ſelf, fal into a conſumption, for ſhame ſiſter.

Gart. Y'are the ſtrangeſt creature; what would you have me do?

Ioy. Marry, I would have you goe to him, take him by the hand, and grype him, ſay y'are welcome, I love you with all my heart, you are the man muſt doe the feate, and take him about the necke, and kiſſe upon the bargaine.

Gart. Fie how you talke, 'tis meere immodeſty,
The common'ſt ſtrumpet would not doe ſo much.

Ioy. Marry the better, for ſuch as are honeſt
Should ſtill doe what the common ſtrumpet will not:
Speake will you doe it?

Gart. Ile loſe his company for ever firſt.

Ioyce. Doe you heare ſir? heer's a Gentlewoman would ſpeake with you.

Gart. Why ſiſter, pray ſiſter.

Ioyce. One that loves you with al her heart, yet is aſham'd to confeſſe it.

Gart. Good ſiſter hold your tongue, I will goe downe to him.

Ioyce. Do not jeaſt with me, for by this hand Ile eyther get him up, or goe downe my ſelfe, and reade the whole Hiſtory of your love to him.

Gart. If youle forbeare to call, I will goe downe.

Ioyce. Let me ſee your backe then, and heare you? doe not uſe him ſcurvily you were beſt; unſet all your tyrannicall looks, and bid him lovingly welcome, or, as I live, I'le ſtretch out my voice againe; uds foot, I muſt take ſome paines I ſee, or wee ſhall never have this geare cotten: but to ſay truth, the fault is in my melancholy Monſieur, for if he had but halfe ſo much ſpirit, as he has fleſh, he might ha boorded her by this. But ſee, yonder ſhe marches; now a paſſion of his ſide of halfe an houre long, his hatte is off already, as if hee were begging one poore penny-worth of kindneſſe. *Enter Gart.*

Ger. Shall I preſume (faire Miſtris) on your hand to lay my unworthy lip?

Ioyce. Fie upon him, I am aſham'd to heare him, you ſhall have a Country fellow at a Maie-pole, goe better to his worke: he had need to be conſtant, for he is able to ſpoile as many Maids as he ſhal fall in love withall.

Gart. Sir, you profeſſe love unto me, let me intreate you it may appeare but in ſome ſinall requeſt.

Ger Let me know it (Lady) and I ſhall ſoone effect it.

Gart. But for this preſent to forbeare this place,
Becauſe my father is expected heere.

Ger. I am gone Lady.

Ioyce. Doe you heare ſir?

Ger. Did you call?

Ioyce. Looke up to the window.

Ger. What ſay you Gentlewoman?

Gart. Nay pray ſir goe, it is my ſiſter call's to haſten you.

Ioyce. I call to ſpeake with you, pray ſtay a little.

Ger.

Ger. The Gentlewoman has ſomething to ſay to me?

Gart. She has nothing, I doe conjure you, as you love me, ſtay not. *Exit Ioyce.*

Ger. The power of Magicke can not faſten me, I am gone.

Gart. Good ſir, looke backe no more, what voyce ere call you,
Imagine, going from me, you were comming,
And uſe the ſame ſpeed, as you love my ſafety. *Exit Ger.*
Wilde witted ſiſter, I have prevented you,
I will not have my love yet open'd to him,
By how much longer 'tis ere it be knowne, *Enter Ioyce.*
By ſo much dearer 'twill be when 'tis purchaſt:
But I muſt uſe my ſtrength to ſtop her journey,
For ſhe will after him: and ſee, ſhe comes;
Nay ſiſter, you are at furdeſt.

Ioyce. Let me goe you were beſt, for if you wraſtle with me I ſhall throw you; paſſion, come backe, foole, lover, turne againe, and kiſſe your belly full;
For heere ſhe is will ſtand you, doe your worſt:
Will you let me goe?

Gart. Yes, if youle ſtay.

Ioyce. If I ſtirre a foote, hang me, you ſhall come together of your ſelves, and be naught, doe what you will, for if ere I trouble my ſelfe againe, let me want helpe
In ſuch a caſe when I need.

Gart. Nay but pre thee ſiſter be not angry.

Ioyce. I will be angry, uds foot, I cannot indure ſuch fooletie, I, two baſhfull fooles that would couple together, and yet ha not the faces.

Gart. Nay pre thee ſweete ſiſter.

Ioyce. Come, come, let me goe, birds that want the uſe of reaſon and ſpeach, can couple together in one day, and yet you that have both, cannot conclude in twenty.

Gart. Why what good would it doe you to tell him?

Ioyce. Do not talke to me, for I am deafe to any thing you ſay, go weepe and crie.

Gart. Nay but ſiſter. *Exeunt ambo.*

Enter Staines, and a Drawer with wine.

Sta. Drawer, bid them make haſte at home,

Tell them they are comming from church.

Dra. I will ſir. *Exit Drawer.*

Sta. That I ſhould live to be a ſerving-man, a fellow which ſcalds his mouth with another mans porredge, brings up meat for other mens bellies, and carries away the bones for his owne, changes his cleane trencher for a fowle one, and is glad of it, and yet did I never live ſo merry a life, when I was my maſters maſter, as now I doe, being man to my man, and I will ſtand to't for all my former ſpeeches, a ſerving-man lives a better life then his Maſter, and thus I proove it; the ſaying is, The nearer the bone the ſweeter the fleſh; then muſt the ſerving-man needes eate the ſweeter fleſh, for he alwayes pickes the bones. And againe the Proverbe ſayes, The deeper the ſweeter: There has the ſerving-man the vantage againe, for he drinks ſtill in the bottome of the pot, he fil's his belly, and never askes what's to pay? weares broad-cloth, and yet dares walke Watling-ſtreet, without any feare of his Draper: and for his colours, they are according to the ſeaſon, in the ſummer he is apparrelled (for the moſt part) like the heavens, inblew, in the winter, like the earth, in freeze.

Enter Bubble, ſir Lionell, and Long-ſtield and ſprinckle.

But ſee, I am prevented in my Encomium,
I could have maintain'd this theame theſe two houres.

Lyon. Well, God reſt his ſoule, hee's gone, and we muſt all follow him.

Bub. I, I, hee's gone ſir *Lionell*, hee's gone.

Lyonell. Why tho he be gone, what then? 'tis not you that can fetch him againe, with all your cunning, it muſt be your comfort, that he died well.

Bub. Truely and ſo it is, I would to God I had eene another uncle that would die no worſe; ſurely I ſhall weepe againe, if I ſhould find my handkercher.

Long. How now! what, are theſe onions?

Bub. I, I, ſir *Lyonell*, they are my onions, I thought to have had them roaſted this morning for my cold: *Gervaſe* you have not wept to day, pray take your onions, Gentlemen, the remembrance of death is ſharpe, therefore there is a banquet within to ſweeten your conceits: I pray walke in Gentlemē, walke you in, you know I muſt needs be melancholie, and keepe my Chamber, *Gervaſe*, uſher them to the banquet.

Sta.

Sta. I ſhall ſir, pleaſe you ſir *Lyonell*.

Gentlemen and Gervaſe goe out.

Lyonell. Well Maſter *Bubble*, wee'l goe in and taſte of your bountie.
In the meane time, you muſt be of good cheere.

Bub. If griefe take not away my ſtomacke,
I will have good cheere I warrant you *Sprinckle*.

Sprin Sir.

Bub. Had the women puddings to their dole?

Sprin. Yes ſir.

Bub. And how did they take them?

Sprin. Why with their hands, how ſhould they take um?

Bub. O thou *Hercules* of ignorance! I meane, how were they ſatisfied?

Sprin. By my troth ſir, but ſo ſo, and yet ſome of them had two.

Bub. O inſatiable women! whom two puddings would not ſatisfie; but vaniſh *Sprinckle*; bid your fellow *Gervaſe* come hither. *Exit Sprinckle.*
And oft my mourning robes, griefe to the grave,
For I have gold, and therefore will be brave:
In ſilkes I'le rattle it of every colour,
And when I goe by water ſcorne a Sculler,
In blacke carnation velvet I will cloake me, *Enter Staines.*
And when men bid God ſave mee, Cry *Tu quoque*:
It is needfull a Gentleman ſhould ſpeake Latine ſometimes, is it not *Gervaſe*?

Sta. O very gracefull ſir, your moſt accompliſht Gentlemen are knowne by it.

Bub. Why then will I make uſe of that little I have,
Vpon times and occaſions, heere *Gervaſe*, take this bag,
And runne preſently to the Mercers, buy me ſeven els of horſe fleſh colour'd taffata, nine yards of yellow ſattin, and eight yards of orenge tawney velvet; then runne to the Tailers, the Haberdaſhers, the Sempſters, the Cutlers, the Perfumers, and to all trades whatſoe'r that belong to the making up of a Gentleman; and amongſt the reſt, let not the Barber be forgotten: and looke that he be an excellent fellow, and one that can ſnacke his fingers with dexteritie.

Sta. I ſhall fit you ſir.

Bub.

Bub. Doe ſo good *Gervaſe*, it is time my beard were corrected, for it is growne ſo ſawſie, as it beginnes to play with my noſe.

Staines Your noſe ſir muſt indure it: for it is in part the faſhion.

Bub. Is it in faſhion? why then my noſe ſhall indure it, let it tickle his worſt.

Sta. Why now y'are ith right ſir, if you will be a true Gallant, you muſt beare things reſolute, as this ſir, If you be at an Ordinary, and chance to loſe your money at play, you muſt not fret and fume, teare cards, and fling away dice, as your ignorant gamſter, or country-Gentleman dos, but you muſt put on a calme temperate action, with a kinde of careleſſe ſmile, in contempt of Fortune, as not being able with all her engins, to batter downe one peece of your eſtate, that your meanes may be thought invincible, never tell your mony, nor what you have wonne, nor what you have loſt: if a queſtion be made: your anſwer muſt be, what I have loſt, I have loſt, what I have won, I have won, a cloſe heart & free hand, make a man admired, a teſterne or a ſhilling to a ſervant that brings you a glaſſe of beere, bindes his hands to his lipps, you ſhall have more ſervice of him, then his Maſter, he will be more humble to you, then a Cheater before a Magiſtrate.

Bub. Gervaſe, give me thy hand, I thinke thou haſt more wit then I that am thy Maſter, and for this ſpeech only, I do here create thee my ſteward: I doe long me thinkes to beat an Ordinary, to ſmile at Fortune, and to be bountifull: *Gervaſe* about your buſineſs good *Gervaſe*, whilſt I go and meditate upon a Gentleman-like behaviour, I have an excellent gate already *Gervaſe*, have I not?

Sta. Hercules himſelfe ſir, had never a better gate.

Bub. But diſpatch *Gervaſe*, the ſattin and the velvet muſt be thought upon, and the *Tu quoque* muſt not be forgotten, for whenſoever I give Armes, that ſhall be my Motto. *Exit Bub.*

Sta. What a fortune had I throwne upon me, when I preferred my ſelfe into this fellowes ſervice! indeed I ſerve my ſelfe, and not him, for this Gold here is my owne truly purchaſed: he has credit, and ſhall runne ith bookes for't, I'le carry things ſo cunningly, that he ſhall not be able to looke into my actions, my morgage I haue already got into my hands: the rent he ſhall enioy a while, till his ryot conſtrayne him to ſell it, which I will purchaſe with his owne money, I muſt cheat a little, I haue beene cheated vpon, therfore I hope

the

the world wil a little the better excuſe mee, what his uncle craftily got from mee, I will knavilhly recover of him, To come by it, I muſt vary ſhapes, and my firſt ſhift ſhal be in ſattin:
Proteus propitious be to my diſguiſe,
And I ſhall proſper in my enterpriſe. *Exit.*

Enter Spendall, Purſenet, and a boy with Rackets.

Spend. A Rubber ſirra.

Boy. You ſhall ſir.

Spend. And bid thoſe two men you ſaid would ſpeak with me, come in.

Boy. I will ſir. *Exit Boy.*

Spend. Did I not play this Sett well?

Enter Blancke and another.

Purſe. Excellent well by *Phaeton*, by *Erebus*, it went as if it had cut the Line.

Bla. God bleſſe you ſir.

Spend. Maſter *Blanke!* welcome.

Bla. Here's the Gentlemans man ſir has brought the mony.

Ser. Wilt pleaſe you tell ſir?

Spend. Have you the Bond ready, maſter *Blanke?*

Bla. Yes ſir.

Spend Tis well, *Purſenet*, help to tell ——— 10. 11. 12.
What time have you given?

Bla. The thirteenth of the next Month.

Spend Tis wel, here's light golde.

Ser T'wil be the leſſe troubleſome to carry.

Send. You ſay wel ſir, how much haſt thou tolde?

Purſ. In golde and ſilver here is twenty pounds.

Bla. Tis right M. *Spendall*, I'le warrant you.

Spend. I'le take your warrant ſir, and tell no further, come let me ſee the Condition of this Obligation.

Purſ. A man may winne from him that cares not for't,
This royal *Caſar* doth regard no Caſh,
Has throwne away as much in Duckes and Drakes,
As would have bought ſome 50:00. Capons.

Spend. Tis very well; ſo, lend me your penne.

Purſ. This is the Captaine of brave Citizens,
The *Agamemnon* of all merry Greekes,

A *Stukely* or a *Sherley* for his ſpirit,
Bounty and Royalty to men at armes.

Bla. You give this as your deed.

Spend Mary do I ſir.

Bla. Pleaſeth this Gentleman to be a witneſſe.

Spend. Yes marry ſhall he, *Purſenet*, your hand.

Purſ. My hand is at thy ſervice, Noble *Brutus*.

Spend There's for your kindneſſe maſter *Blanke*.

Bla. I thanke you ſir.

Spend. For your paines.

Ser. I'le take my leave of you.

Spend. What, muſt you be gone too, Maiſter *Blanke*?

Bla. Yes indeed ſir, I muſt to the Exchange.

Spend. Farewell to both. *Purſenet*,
Take that twenty pounds, and give it miſtris *Sweatman*?
Bid her pay her Landlord and Apothecarie,
And let her Butcher and her Baker ſtay,
They're honeſt men, and I'le take order with them.

Purſ. The Butcher and the Baker then ſhall ſtay.

Spend. They muſt till I am ſomewhat ſtronger purſt.

Purſ. If this be all, I have my errand perfect. *Exit. Purſ.*

Spend. Here ſirra, here's for balls, there's for your ſelfe.

Boy. I thanke your worſhip.

Spend. Commend me to your miſtris.

Boy. I will ſir; in good faith 'tis the liberall'ſt Gentleman that comes into our Court, why he cares no more for a ſhilling then I do for a box o'th eare, God bleſſe him. *Exit.*

Enter Staines gallant, Long-field and a Servant.

Sta. Sirra, what a clocke i'ſt?

Ser. Paſt tenne ſir.

Sta. Here will not be a Gallant ſeene this houre.

Ser. within this quarter ſir, and leſſe, they meete here as ſoone as at any Ordinary i'th towne.

Sta. Haſt any Tobacco?

Ser. Yes ſir. *Sta.* Fill.

Long. Why thou report'ſt miracles, things not to be believed: I proteſt to thee, had'ſt thou not unrip't thy ſelfe to me, I ſhould never have knowne thee.

Sta.

Sta. I tel you true ſir, I was ſo farre gone, that deſperation knocked at mine elbow, and whiſpered newes to mee out of Barbarie.

Long. Well, I'm glad ſo good an occaſion ſtaid thee at home,
And maiſt thou proſper in thy project, and goe on
With beſt ſucceſſe of thy invention.

Sta. Falſe dice ſay Amen, for that's my induction,
I do meane to cheat to day without reſpect of perſons:
When ſaweſt thou *Will Raſh?*

Long. This morning at his Chamber, heele be here.

Sta. Why then do thou give him my name and character, for my aime is wholy at my worſhipfull Maſter.

Long. Nay thou ſhalt take another in to him, one that laughs out his life in this Ordinary, thankes any man that winnes his money; all the while his money is looſing, he ſweares by the croſſe of this ſilver, and when it is gone, hee changeth it to the hilts of his ſword.

Enter Scatter-good and Ninnie-hammer.

Sta. Hee'le be an excellent coach-horſe for my captaine.

Scat. Save you Gallants, ſave you.

Long. How thinke ye now? have I not carv'd him out to you?

Sta. Th'aſt lighted me into his heart, I ſee him throughly.

Scat Ninni-hammer. *Nin.* Sir.

Scat. Take my cloake and rapier alſo: I thinke it be early Gentlemen, what time doe you take it to be?

Sta. Inclining to eleven ſir.

Scat. Inclining! a good word; I would it were inclining to twelve, for by my ſtomacke it ſhould be high Noone: but what ſhal we do Gallants? ſhall we to cards, till our Company come?

Long. Pleaſe you ſir.

Scat. Harry fetch ſome Cards, me thinkes 'tis an unſeemely ſight to ſee Gentlemen ſtand idle: pleaſe you to impart your ſmoake.

Long. Very willingly ſir.

Scat. In good faith a pipe of excellent vapour.

Long. The beſt the houſe yeeldes.

Scat. Had you it in the houſe? I had thought it had beene your own: 'tis not ſo good now as I tooke it to be: Come Gentlemen, what's your game?

Sta. Why Gleeke that's your onely game.

Scat. Gleeke let it be, for I am perſwaded I ſhall gleeke ſome of you; cut ſir.

Long. What play we, twelve pence gleeke?

Scat. Twelve pence? a crowne; uds foot I wil not ſpoile my memory for twelve pence.

Long. With all my heart.

Stat. Honnor.

Scat What ift, Harts?

Sta. The King, what ſay you?

Long. You muſt ſpeake ſir.

Scat. Why I bid thirteene. *Sta.* Foureteene.

Scat. Fifteene. *Sta.* Sixteene.

Long. Sixteene, ſeventeene. *Sta.* You ſhal ha't for me.

Scat. Eighteene. *Long.* Take it to you ſir.

Scat. Vdſlid I'le not be out-brav'd.

Sta. I vie it.

Long. I'le none of it. *Scat* Nor I.

Sta Give me a mournaval of aces, and a gleeke of queens.

Long And me a gleeke of knaves.

Scat. Vdſlid, I am gleek't this time, *Enter Will Raſh.*

Stay. Play.

Raſh. Equal fortunes befal you Gallants.

Scat. Will Raſh, wel, I pray ſee what a vile game I have.

Raſh. What's your game, Gleeke?

Scat. Yes faith, Gleeke, and I have not one Court carde, but the knave of Clubbes.

Raſh. Thou haſt a wilde hand indeed: thy ſmal Cards ſhew like a troupe of rebells, and the knave of Clubbes their chiefe Leader.

Scat And ſo they do as God ſave me, by the croſſe of this ſilver he ſayes true. *Enter Spendall.*

Sta, Pray, play ſir:

Long Honnor.

Raſh. How goe the ſtockes Gentlemen, what's won or loſt?

Sta. This is the firſt game.

Scat. Yes this is the firſt game, but by the croſſe of this ſilver here's all of five pounds.

Spend. Good day to you Gentlemen.

Raſh. Francke, welcome by this hand, how doſt lad?

Spend.

Spend And how does thy wench yfaith.

Raſh. Why fat and plump
Like thy geldings: thou giv'ſt them both good provender
It ſeemes, go to, thou art one of the madd'ſt wagges,
Of a Citizen 'ith towne, the whole company talkes of thee already,

Spend. Talke, why let um talke, uds foot I pay ſcot and lot, and all manner of duties elſe, as well as the beſt of um: it may be they underſtand I keepe a whoore, a horſe, and a kennell of hounds, what's that to them? no mans purſe opens for't but mine owne, and ſo long, my hounds ſhall eate fleſh, my horſe bread, and my whoore weare velvet.

Raſh. Why there ſpoke a couragious Boy.

Spend. Vds foote, ſhall I be confin'd all the dayes of my life to walke under a pent-houſe? no, I'le take my pleaſure whiles my youth affoords it

Scat. By the croſſe of theſe hilts, I'le never play at Gleek againe, whilſt I have a noſe on my face,
I ſmell the knavery of the game.

Spend. Why what's the matter? who has loſt?

Scat. Mary that have I, by the hilts of my ſword, I have loſt forty crownes, in as ſmall time almoſt, as while a man might tell it.

Spend. Change your Game for dice,
We are a full number for *Nonum.*

Scatt. With all my heart, where's M. *Ambuſh* the Broker, *Nonni-kammer?*

Nin. Sir.

Scat. Go to M. *Ambuſh*, and bid him ſend me twenty marks upon this Diamond. *Enter Bubble.*

Nin. I will ſir.

Long. Looke you (to make us the merrier) who comes here.

Raſh. A freſh Gamſter, M. *Bubble*; God ſave you.

Bub. *Tu quoque* ſir.

Spend. God ſave you Maiſter *Bubble.*

Bub. *Tu quoque.*

Sta. Save you ſir,

Bub. *Et tu quoque.*

Long. Good maiſter *Bubble.*

Bub. *Et tu quoque*

Scatt. Is your name Maſter *Bubble?*

Bub. Maiſter *Bubble* is my name, ſir.

Scat. God ſave you ſir.

Bub. *Et tu quoque.*

Scat. I would be better acquainted with you.

Bub. And I with you.

Scat. Pray let us ſalute againe.

Bub. With all my heart ſir.

Long. Behold yonder the oke and the Ivy how they imbrace.

Raſh Excellent acquaintance, they ſhall be the *Gemini.*

Bub. Shall I deſire your name ſir?

Scat. Maiſter *Scattergood.*

Bub. Of the *Scattergoods* of *London?*

Scat. No indeed ſir, of the *Scattergoods* of Hampſhire.

Bub. Good Maiſter *Scattergood.*

Sta. Come Gentlemen, here's dice.

Scat Pleaſe you advance to the Table?

Bub. No indeed ſir.

Scatt. Pray will you goe?

Bub. I will goe ſir over the whole world for your ſake,
But in curteſie I will not budge a foot. *Enter Ninnihammer.*

Nin. Here is the Caſh you ſent me for: and maſter *Raſh,*
Here is a Letter from one of your ſiſters.

Spend. I have the dice, ſet Gentlemen.

Long. From which ſiſter?

Raſh. From the mad-cap, *I* know by the hand.

Spend. For me, ſix.

Omnes. And ſix that.

Sta. Nine; 1,2,3,4,5,6,7, and 8: eighteene ſhillings.

Spend. What's yours ſir?

Scat. Mine's a Bakers dozen: maſter *Bubble* tell your mony.

Bub. In good faith I am but a ſimple Gamſter, and do not know what to doe.

Scat. Why you muſt tell your money, and hee'le pay you.

Bub. My mony! I do know how much my mony is, but he ſhall not pay me, I have a better conſcience then ſo; what for throwing the dice twice, yfaith he ſhould have but a hard bargaine of it

Raſh.

Raſh. Witty raſcall, I muſt needs away.

Long. Why what's the matter?

Raſh. Why tho lovers cannot agree, thou ſhalt along with me, and know all.

Long. But firſt let mee inſtruct thee in the condition of this Gentleman, whom doſt thou take him to be?

Raſh. Nay, hee's a ſtranger, I know him not.

Long. By this light but you doe, if his beard were off, 'tis *Staines.*

Raſh. The devill it is as ſoone: and what's his purpoſe in this diſguiſe?

Long. Why cheating, doe you not ſee how he playes upon his worſhipfull Maiſter, and the reſt.

Raſh. By my faith he drawes apace.

Spend A pox upon theſe dice, give's a freſh bale.

Bub. Ha, ha, the dice are not to be blamed, a man may perceive this is no Gentlemanly gamſter, by his chafing: doe you heare, my friend, fill me a glaſſe of beere, and there's a ſhilling for your paines.

Dra. Your worſhip ſhall ſir.

Raſh. Why how now *Franke*, what haſt loſt?

Spend. Fifteene pounds and upwards: is there never an honeſt fellow.

Amb. What doe you lacke money ſir?

Spend. Yes, canſt furniſh me?

Amb. Vpon a ſufficient pawne ſir.

Spend. You know my ſhop, bid my man deliver you a piece of three pile velvet, and let me have as much money as you dare adventure upon't.

Amb. You ſhall ſir.

Spend A pox of this lucke, it will not laſt ever: Play ſir, I'le ſee you

Raſh. *Franke*, better fortune befall thee: and Gentlemen, I muſt take my leave, for I muſt leave you.

Scat. Muſt you needes be gone?

Raſh. Indeed I muſt.

Bub. *Et tu quoque?* *Long.* Yes truely.

Scat. At your diſcretions Gentlemen.

Raſh. Farewell. *Exeunt Raſh & Long.*

Sta. Cry you mercy ſir, I am chanc'd with you all Gentlemen

men: here I have 7, here 7, and here 10.

Spend. 'Tis right ſir, and ten that.

Bub. And nine that.

Sta. Two fives at all. *Drawes all.*

Bub. One and five that.

Spend. Vmh, and can a ſuite of Sattin cheate ſo groſſely?
By this light there's nought on one die but fives and ſixes.
I muſt not be thus gull'd.

Bub. Come maiſter *Spendall*, ſet.

Spend. No ſir, I have done.

Scat. Why then let us all leave, for I thinke dinner's neare ready.

Dra Your meat's upon the Table.

Scat. On the Table! come Gentlemen, wee doe our ſtomackes wrong: M. *Bubble*, what have you loſt?

Bub. That's no matter, what I have loſt, I have loſt; nor can I chuſe but ſmile at the fooliſhneſſe of the dice.

Sta. I am but your ſteward Gentlemen, for after dinner I may reſtore it againe.

Bub M. *Scattergood*, will you walke in?

Scat. I'le wait upon you ſir, come Gentlemen, will you follow?

Exit. manent Spendall & Staines.

Sta. Yes ſir, I'le follow you. *Spen.* Heare you ſir a word.

Sta. Ten if you pleaſe.

Spend. I have loſt fifteene pounds.

Sta. And I have found it.

Spend. You ſay right, found it you have indeed,
But never wonne it: doe you know this die?

Sta. Not I ſir.

Spend. You ſeeme a Gentleman, and you may perceive
I have ſome reſpect unto your credit
To take you thus aſide, will you reſtore
What you ha drawne from me unlawfully?

Sta. Sirra, by your out-ſide you ſeeme a citizen,
Whoſe Cockeſ-comb, I were apt enough to breake,
But for the Law; Go y'are a prating lacke,
Nor iſt your hopes, of crying out for clubbes,
Can ſave you from my chaſtiſement, if once

You

You ſhall but dare to utter this againe.

Spend. You lie, you dare not.

Sta. Lie! nay villaine, now thou temptſt me to thy death.

Spend, Soft, you muſt buy it dearer,
The beſt bloud flowes within you is the price.

Sta. Darſt thou reſiſt, thou art no Cittizen.

Spend. I am a Cittizen.

Sta. Say thou art a Gentleman, and I am ſatisfied,
For then I know thou'lt anſwer me in field.

Spend. Ile ſay directly what I am, a Citizen,
And I will meete thee in the field as fairely
As the beſt Gentleman that weares a ſword.

Sta. I accept it, the meeting place?

Spend. Beyond the Maze in Tuttle.

Sta. What weapon?

Spend. Single rapier.

Sta. The time?

Spend. To morrow.

Sta. The houre?

Spend. Twixt nine and ten.

Sta. Tis good, I ſhall expect you, farewell. *Ex. omnes.*

Spend. Farewell ſir.

Enter Will Raſh, Long-field, and Ioyce.

Raſh. Why I commend thee Gerle, thou ſpeak'ſt as thou thinkſt, thy tongue and thy heart are Relatives, and thou wert not my ſiſter, I ſhould at this time fall in love with thee.

Ioyce. You ſhould not need, for and you were not my brother, I ſhould fall in love with you, for I love a proper man with my heart, and ſo does all the Sex of us, let my ſiſter diſſemble never ſo much, I am out of charity with theſe nice and ſquemiſh tricks, we were borne for men, and men for us, and wee muſt together.

Raſh. This ſame plaine dealing is a Jewell in thee.

Ioyce. And let mee enjoy that Jewell, for I love plaine dealing with my heart.

Raſh. Th'art a good wench yfaith, I ſhould never be aſhamed to call thee ſiſter, though thou ſhouldſt marry a Broome-man: but your lover me thinks is over tedious.

Enter Geraldine.

Ioyce. No, looke ye ſir, could you wiſh a man to come better upon his q, let us withdraw.

Raſh. Cloſe, cloſe, for the proſecution of the plot, wench,
See he prepares.

Ioyce Silence.

Gerald. The Sunne is yet wrapt in *Auroraes* armes,
And lull'd with her delight, forgets his creatures:
Awake thou god of heate,
I call thee up, and taske thee for thy ſlowneſſe;
Poynt all thy beames through yonder flaring glaſſe,
And raiſe a beauty brighter then thy ſelfe; *Muſicke.*
Muſitians give to each inſtrument a tongue,
To breath ſweet muſicke in the eares of her
To whom I ſend it as a Meſſenger *Enter Gartred aloft.*

Gart. Sir, your muſicke is ſo good, that I muſt ſay I like it; but the Bringer ſo ill welcome, that I could be content to loſe it; if you plaid for money, there 'tis; if for love, here's none; if for good will, I thanke you, and when you will you may be gone,

Ger. Leave me not intranc'd: ſing not my death,
Thy voyce is able to make Satires tame,
And call rough windes to her obedience.

Gart. Sir ſir, our eares itch not for flattery here you beſiege my window, that I dare not put forth my ſelfe to take the gentle Ayre, but you are in the fields, and volly out your woes, your plaints, your loves, your injuries.

Ger. Since you have heard, and know them, give redreſſe,
True beauty never yet was mercileſſe

Gart. Sir, reſt thus ſatisfied, my minde was never woman, never alter'd, nor ſhall it now beginne:
So fare you well. *Exit Gart.*

Raſh Sfoot, Shee playes the terrible tyrannizing *Tamberlaine* over him, this it is to turne Turke, from a moſt abſolute compleate Gentleman, to a moſt abſurd ridiculous and fond lover.

Long. Oh, when a woman knowes the power and authority of her eie.

Ioyce. Fie upon her, ſhee's good for nothing then, no more then a jade that knowes his owne ſtrength: The window is clapſed, now brother, purſue your project, and deliver your friend from the tyranny of my domineering ſiſter. *Raſh.*

Raſh. Doe you heare, you drunkard in love, come in to us, and be ruled, you would little thinke, that the wench that talked ſo ſcurvily out of the window there, is more inamored on thee then thou on her: nay, looke you now, ſee if he turne not away ſlighting our good counſell: I am no Chriſtian if ſhe doe not ſigh, whine, and grow ſicke for thee: looke you ſir, I will bring you in good witneſſe againſt her.

Ioyce. Sir, y'are my brothers friend, and I'le be plaine with you, you doe not take the courſe to winne my ſiſter, but indirectly goe about the buſh: you come & fiddle heere, and keep a coile in verſe: holde off your hatte, and beg to kiſſe her hand, which makes her proud. But to bee ſhort, in two lines thus it is:

Who moſt doth love, muſt ſeeme moſt to neglect it,
For thoſe that ſhew moſt love, are leaſt reſpected.

Long. A good obſervation by my faith.

Raſh Well this inſtruction comes too late now,
Stand you cloſe and let me proſecute my invention,
Siſter, O ſiſter, wake, ariſe ſiſter.

Enter Gartred above.

Gart. How now brother, why call you with ſuch terrour?

Raſh. How can you ſleepe ſo ſound, and heare ſuch groanes,
So horrid and ſo tedious to the eare,
That I was frighted hither by the ſound?
O ſiſter, heere lies a Gentlemen that lov'd you too deerely,
And himſelfe too ill, as by his death appeares,
I can report no further without teares;
Aſſiſt me now.

Long. When he came firſt death ſtartled in his eyes,
His hand had not forſooke the dagger hilt,
But ſtill he gave it ſtrength, as if he feard
He had not ſent it home unto his heart.

Gart. Enough, enough,
If you will have me live, give him no name,
Suſpition tells me 'tis my *Geraldine*:
But be it whom it will, I'le come to him,
To ſuffer death as reſolute as he. *Exit Gart.*

Raſh. Did not I tell you 'twould take, downe ſir downe.

Ger. I gheſſe what y'ould have me doe.

Long. O for a little blood to beſprinckle him.

Raſh. No matter for blood, I'le not ſuffer her to come neare him, till the plot have tane his full height.

Ger. A ſcarffe ore my face, leſt I betray my ſelfe.

Enter Gartred belowe.

Raſh. Here, here, lie ſtill, ſhe comes,
Now *Mercurie*, be propitious.

Gart. Where lies this ſpectacle of blood?
This tragicke Sceane.

Raſh. Yonder lies *Geraldine*.

Gart. O let me ſee him with his face of death!
Why doe you ſtay me from my *Geraldine?*

Raſh. Becauſe, unworthy as thou art, thou ſhalt not ſee
The man now dead, whom living thou didſt ſcorne,
The worſt part that he had, deſerv'd thy beſt,
But yet contemn'd, deluded, mock'd, deſpiſde by you,
Vnfit for aught but for the generall marke
Which you were made for, mans creation.

Gart. Burſt not my heart before I ſee my Love,
Brother, upon my knees I begge your leave,
That I may ſee the wound of *Geraldine*,
I will embalme his body with my teares,
And carry him unto his ſepulcher,
From whence I'le never riſe, but be interr'd
In the ſame duſt he ſhall be buried in.

Long. I do proteſt ſhe drawes ſad teares from me,
I prethee let her ſee her *Geraldine*,

Gart. Brother, if e're you lov'd me as a ſiſter,
Deprive me not the ſight of *Geraldine*.

Raſh. Well, *I* am contented you ſhall touch his lippes,
But neither ſee his face nor yet his wound,

Gart. Not ſee his face?

Raſh. Nay, *I* have ſworne it to the contrary:
Nay, harke you further yet.

Gart. What now?

Raſh. But one kiſſe, no more.

Gart. Why then no more.

Raſh. Marry this liberty *I* l'e give you,

If you intend to make any ſpeech of repentance
Over him, I am content, ſo it be ſhort.
Gart. What you command is Law, and I obey.
Ioyce. Peace, give eare to the paſſion
Gart. Before I touch thy body, I implore
Thy diſcontented ghoſt to be appeaſde:
Send not unto me till I come my ſelfe:
Then ſhalt thou know, how much I honor'd thee.
O ſee the colour of his corall lippe!
Which in deſpight of death lives full and freſh,
As when he was the beauty of his Sex:
T'were ſinne worthy the worſt of plagues to leave thee:
Not all the ſtrength and policie of man
Shall ſnatch me from thy boſome.
Long. Looke, looke, I thinke ſhee'l raviſh him.
Raſh. Why how now ſiſter?
Gart. Shall we have both one grave? here I am chain'd,
Thunder nor Earthquakes ſhall ſhake me off.
Raſh. No? I'le try that, come dead man, awake, up with your bag and baggage, and let's have no more fooling.
Gart. And live's my *Geraldine?*
Raſh. Live? faith *I.*
Why ſhould he not? he was never dead,
That I know on.
Ger. It is no wonder *Geraldine* ſhould live,
Though he had emptied all his vitall ſpirits,
The Lute of *Orpheus* ſpake not halfe ſo ſweete,
When he deſcended to th'infernall vaults,
To fetch againe his faire *Euridice*,
As did thy ſweet voyce to *Geraldine.*
Gart. Ile exerciſe that voyce, ſince it doth pleaſe,
My better ſelfe, my conſtant *Geraldine.*
Ioyce. Why ſo la, here's an end of an old Song,
Why could not this have beene done before
I pray?
Gart. O y'are a goodly ſiſter, this is your plot:
Well, I ſhall live one day to requite you.
Ioyce. Spare me not, for whereſoever I ſet my affection, although

it be upon a Colliar, if I fall backe, unleſſe it be in the right kinde binde me to a ſtake, and let me be burned to death with char-coale.

Raſh. Well, thou art a mad wench, and there's no more to be done at this time, but as we brought you together, ſo to part you, you muſt not lie at racke and manger: there be thoſe within, that will forbid the banes, Time muſt ſhake good fortune by the hand, before you two muſt be great, (pecially you ſiſter: come leave ſwearing.

Gart. Muſt we then part?

Raſh. Muſt you part? why how thinke you? uds foot, I do thinke we ſhal have as much to do to get her from him, as we had to bring her to him: this love of women is of a ſtrange quality, and has more trickes then a Juggler.

Gart. But this, and then farewell.

Ger. Thy company is heaven, thy abſence hell.

Raſh. Lord who'ld thinke it?

Ioyce. Come wench. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Spendall, and Staines.

Spend. This ground is firme and even, I'le goe no further.

Sta. This be the place then, and prepare you ſir,
You ſhall have faire play for your life of me.
For looke ſir, I'le be open breaſted to you.

Spend. Shame light on him that thinkes his ſafety lieth in a French doublet.
Nay I would ſtrippe my ſelfe, would come lineſſe
Give ſufferance to the deed, and fight with thee,
As naked as a Mauritanian Moore.

Sta. Give me thy hand, by my heart I love thee,
Thou art the higheſt ſpirited Cittizen,
That ever Guild-hall tooke notice of.

Spend. Talke not what I am, untill you have tried me.

Sta. Come on ſir. *They fight.*

Spend. Now ſir, your life is mine.

Sta. Why then take it, for Ile not begge it of thee.

Spend. Nobly reſolv'd, I love thee for thoſe words,
Here take thy armes againe, and if thy malice
Have ſpent it ſelfe like mine, then let us part
More friendly then we met at firſt encounter.

Sta.

Sta. Sir, I accept this gift of you, but not your friendſhip,
Vntill I ſhall recover't with my honour.
Spend. Will you fight againe then?
Sta. Yes.
Spend. Faith thou doſt well then, juſtly to whp my folly.
But come ſir.
Sta Hold, y'are hurt I take it.
Spend. Hurt! where? zownds I feele it not.
Sta. You bleed I am ſure.
Spend. Sblood, I thinke you weare a cattes claw upon your
Rapiers point,
I am ſcracht indeed, but ſmall as 'tis,
I muſt have blood for blood.
Sta. Y'are bent to kill I ſee.
Spend. No by my hopes, if I can ſcape that ſiane,
And keepe my good name, I'le never offer't.
Sta. Well ſir, your worſt.
Spend. We both bleed now I take it,
And if the motion may be equall thought,
To part with claſp'd hands I ſhall firſt ſubſcribe.
Sta. It were unmanlineſſe in me to refuſe
The ſafety of us both, my hand ſhall never fall
From ſuch a charitable motion.
Spend Then joyne we both, and here our malice ends,
Though foes we came to'th field, wee'l depart friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter ſir Lyonell, and a Servant,

Lyonell. Come, come, follow me knave, follow me, I have the beſt noſe 'ith houſe, I thinke, either wee ſhall have rainie weather, or the vaults unſtop'd: ſirra, goe ſee, I would not have my gueſts ſmell out any ſuch inconvenience: Doe you heare ſirra *Symon*?
Ser. Sir.
Lyon. Bid the Kitchin-maide skowre the ſincke, and make clean her backe-ſide, for the wind lies juſt upon't.
Ser. I will ſir.
Lyon. And bid *Anthonie*, put on his white fuſtian doublet, for he muſt wait to day: It doth me ſo much good to ſtir and talk, to place this and diſplace that, that I ſhall need no Apothecaries preſcriptions, I have ſent my daughter this morning as farre as Pimlikoe

to

to fetch a draught of Darby ale, that it may fetch a colour in her cheekes, the puling harlotrie lookes so pale, and it is all for want of a man, for so their mother would say, God rest her soule, before she died. *Exit Servant.*

Enter Bubble, Scattergood, and Stainer.

Ser. Sir, the Gentlemen are come already.

Lyon. How knave, the Gentlemen!

Ser. Yes sir, yonder they are.

Lyonell. Gods pretious, wee are too tardie, let one be sent presently to meete the gerles, and hasten their comming home quickly: how dost thou stand dreaming? Gentlemen, I see you love me, you are carefull of your houre; you may be deceived in your cheare, but not in your welcome.

Bub. Thankes, and *Tu quoque* is a word for all.

Scatterg. A pretty concise roome: sir *Lyonell*, where are your daughters?

Lyon. They are at your service sir, and forth comming.

Bub. Gods wil *Gervase*! how shall I behave my self to the Gentlewomen?

Sta. Why advance your selfe toward them, with a comely steppe, and in your salute, be carefull you strike not too high, nor too lowe, and afterward for your discourse, your *Tu quoque* will beare you out.

Bub. Nay, and that be all, I care not, for Ile set a good face on't, that's flat: and for my neather parts, let them speake for themselves: here's a legge, and ever a Baker in England shew me a better, I'le give him mine for nothing.

Sta. O that's a speciall thing that I must caution you of.

Bub. What sweet *Gervase*?

Sta. Why for commending your selfe; never whilest you live commend your self: and then you shall have the Ladies themselves commend you.

Bub. I would they would else.

Sta. Why they will I'le assure you sir, and the more vilely you speake of your selfe, the more will they strive to collaud you.

Enter Gartred and Joyce.

Bub. Let me alone to despraise my selfe,

I'le

I'le make my ſelfe the arranteſt cockeſ-combe within a whole Countrey.

Lyonell. Here come the Gipſies, the Sunne-burn'd gerles,
Whoſe beauties will not utter them alone,
They muſt have bagges although my credit cracke for't.

Bub. Is this the eldeſt ſir?

Lyonell. Yes marry is ſhe ſir.

Bub. I'le kiſſe the youngeſt firſt, becauſe ſhe likes me beſt.

Scat. Marry ſir, and whileſt you are there, I'le be here:
O delicious touch! I thinke in conſcience
Her lippes are lined quite through with Orenge Tawny velvet.

Bub. They kiſſe exceeding well, I doe not thinke but they have been brought up too't, I will beginne to her like a Gentleman in a ſet ſpeech: Faire Ladie, ſhall I ſpeake a word with you?

Ioyce With me ſir?

Bub. With you Lady,—this way,—a little more,——
So now tis wel, umh——
Even as a Drummer,——or a Pewterer.

Ioy. Which of the two no matter,
For one beates on a Drumme, tother a Platter.

Bub. In good fayth ſweet Lady you ſay true
But pray marke me further, I will beginne againe.

Ioy. I pray ſir doe.

Bub. Even as a Drummer, as I ſayd before,——
Or as a Pewterer.

Ioy. Very good ſir.

Bub. Doo—doo—doo.

Ioy. What doe they doo?

Bub. By my troth Lady, I doe not know: for to ſay truth, I am a kind of an Aſſe.

Ioy. How Sir, an Aſſe?

Bub. Yes indeed Lady.

Ioy. Nay that you are not.

Bub. So God ha mee, I am Lady: you never ſaw an arranter Aſſe in your life.

Ioy. Why here's a Gentleman your friend, will not ſay ſo.

Bub. Yfaith but he ſhall: How ſay you ſir,
Am not I an Aſſe?

Scate. Yes by my troth Lady is he: Why ile ſay any thing my brother *Bubble* ſayes.

Gart. Is this the man my Father chooſe for mee,
to make a Husband of? O God, how blind
are parents in our loves: ſo they have wealth,
they care not to what things they marry us.

Bub. Pray looke upon me Lady.

Joy. So I doe ſir.

Bub. I but looke upon me well, and tell mee if you ever ſaw any man looke ſo ſcurvily, as I doe?

Joy. The fellow ſure is frantique.

Bub You doe not marke mee.

Joy. Yes indeed ſir.

Bub. I, but looke upon mee well:
Did you ever ſee a worſe timbred Legge?

Joy. By my faith tis a pretty foure ſquare Legge.

Bub. I but your foure ſquare legges are none of the beſt.
Oh! *Iarvis, Iarvis.*

Sta. Excellent well ſir.

Bub. What ſay you now to mee Lady, can you find
ere a good inch about me?

Joy. Yes that I can ſir.

Bub. Find it, and take it ſweet Lady:
There I thinke I bobd her, *Iarvis.*

Joy. Well ſir, diſparage not your ſelfe ſo: for if you were
The man you'd make your ſelfe; yet out of your
Behaviour and diſcourſe, I could find cauſe enough
To love you.

Bub. Augh! now ſhe comes to me: My behaviour? alas,
alas; tis clownicall; and my diſcourſe is very bald, bald:
You ſhall not heare me breake a good Jeaſt
in a twelve month.

Joy No ſir? why now you breake a good Jeaſt.

Bub. No, I want the *Boone Iour*, and the *Tu quoques*,
Which yonder Gentleman has: Ther's a bob for him too:
There's a Gentleman, and you talke of a Gentleman.

Joy. Who hee? hee's a Coxcombe indeed.

Bub. We are ſworne Brothers in good fayth Lady.

Enter

Enter Seruant.

Scatt. Yes in truth wee are ſworne Brothers, and do meane to go both alike, and to have Horſes alike.

Ioy And they ſhall be ſworne Brothers too?

Scatt. If it pleaſe them, Lady.

Ser. M. *Ballance*, the Golſmith deſires to ſpeake with you.

Lyo. Bid him come, knave.

Scatt. I wonder (Sir *Lyonell*) your ſonne *Will Raſh* is not heere?

Lyo. Is he of your acquaintance, ſir?

Scatt. O very familiar; he ſtrucke mee a boxe on the eare once, and from thence grew my love to him.

Enter Ballance.

Lyo It was a ſigne of vertue in you ſir; but heele be heere at dinner. Maiſter *Ballance*, what makes you ſo ſtrange?
Come, you're welcome what the Newes?

Balla. Why ſir, the old Newes: your man *Francis* ryots ſtill,
And little hope of thrift there is in him;
Therefore I come to adviſe your Worſhip,
To take ſome order whilſt there's ſomething left.
The better part of his beſt Ware's conſum'd.

Lyo. Speake ſoftly Maiſter *Ballance*.
But is there no hope of his recovery?

Ball None at all ſir; for hees already layd to be areſted by ſome that I know.

Lyo. Well, I doe ſuffer for him, and am loath
Indeed to doe, what I am conſtrain'd to doe:
Well ſir, I meane to ſeiſe on what is left,
And harke you one word more.

Ioy. What haynous ſinne has yonder man committed,
To have ſo great a puniſhment, as waite
upon the humors of an idle Foole:
A very proper Fellow, good Legge good Face,
A Body well proportioned: but his minde
Bewrayes he neuer came of generous kinde,

Enter Will Raſh and Geraldine.

Lyo. Go to, no more of this at this time.
What ſir, are you come?

Raſh. Yes ſir, and have made bold to bring a Gueſt along.

Lyon. Maſter *Geraldines* ſon of *Eſſex*?

Ger. The ſame ſir.

Lyo. Ye're welcome ſir, when will your Father be in towne?

Ger. T'will not be long, ſir.

Lyo. I ſhall be glad to ſee him when he comes.

Ger. I thanke you ſir.

Lyon. In the meane time you're welcome; pray be not ſtrange,
Ile leave my Son amongſt you Gentlemen,
I have ſome buſines: harke you M. *Ballance*,
Dinner will ſoone be ready; one word more. *Exit Lyo. & Bal.*

Raſh. And how does my little *Aſinus* and his *Tu quoque* here? Oh you prety ſweet-fac'd rogues, that for your countenances might be *Alexander* and *Ludwicke*: What ſayes the old man to you? wil't be a match? ſhall we call Brothers?

Scatt. Ifayth with-all my heart; if Miſtris *Gartred* will,
wee will be married to morrow.

Bub. S'foot, if Miſtris *Joyce* will, wee'le be married to night.

Raſh. Why you couragious Boyes, and worthy Wenches,
made out of Waxe. But what ſhall's doe when we have
dinde, ſhall's goe ſee a Play?

Scatt. Yes fayth Brother: if it pleaſe you, let's goe ſee
a Play at the Gloabe.

Bub. I care not; any whither, ſo the Clowne have a part:
For Ifayth I am no body without a Foole.

Ger. Why then wee'le goe to the Red Bull; they ſay *Green's* a good Clowne

Bub. *Greene? Green's* an Aſſe.

Scatt. Wherefore doe you ſay ſo?

Bub. Indeed I ha no reaſon: for they ſay, he is as like me as ever he can looke.

Scatt. Well then, to the Bull.

Raſh. A good reſolution, continue it: nay on.

Bub. Not before the Gentlewomen; not I never.

Raſh. O while you live, men before women:
Cuſtome hath plac'd it ſo.

Bub. Why then cuſtome is not ſo mannerly, as I would be.

Raſh. Farewell M. *Scatter-good*: Come Lover, you're too buſie heere,

heere, I muſt tutor yee: Caſt not your eye at the table on eyther my Father will ſpie you without Spectacles,
Hee is a ſhrewd obſerver: doe you heare mee?

Ger. Very well ſir.

Raſh. Come then go wee together, let the wenches alone.
Doe you ſee yonder fellow?

Ger. Yes: prethee what is hee?

Raſh. Ile give you him within, he muſt not now be thought on: but you ſhall know him. *Exit Raſh & Gerald.*

Gart. I have obſerv'd my ſiſter, and her eye
Is much inquiſitive after yond fellow;
She has examin'd him from head to foot:
Ile ſtay and ſee the iſſue.

Joy. To wraſtle gainſt the ſtreame of our Affection,
Is to ſtrike Ayre or buffet with the Winde
That playes upon us: I have ſtriv'd to caſt
This fellow from my thoughts, but ſtill he growes
More comely in my ſight; yet a ſlave
Vnto one worſe condition'd then a Slave:
They are all gone, here's none but hee, and I,
Now I will ſpeake to him: and yet I will not.
Oh I I wrong my ſelfe, I will ſuppreſſe
That inſurrection *Love* hath train'd in mee,
And leave him as he is: once my bold ſpirit
Had vowed to utter all my thoughts to him
On whom I ſetled my affection:
And why retyres it now?

Sta. Fight *Love* on both ſides; for on me thou ſtrik'ſt
Strokes that have beat my heart into a flame:
She hath ſent amorous glaunces from her eye:
Which I have backe returnd as faythfully.
I would make to her, but theſe ſervile Roabes
Curbes that ſuggeſtion, till ſome fitter time
Shall bring me more perſwadingly unto her.

Joy. I wonder why he ſtayes I feare he notes me,
For I have publiquely betrayd my ſelfe,
By too much gazing on him: I will leave him:

Gart. But you ſhall not; Ile make you ſpeake to him

Before you goe. Doe you heare ſir?

Ioy. What meane you ſiſter?

Gart. To fit you in your kind, ſiſter: doe you remember
How you once tyrannizd over mee?

Ioy. Nay pre thee leave this jeſting,
I am out of the vaine.

Gart. I, but I am in: goe and ſpeake to your Lover.

Ioy. Ile firſt be buried quicke.

Gart. How aſhamd? S'foot I tro, if I had ſet my affection on a Collier, Ide nere fall backe, unleſſe it were in the right kind: if I did, let me be tyed to a ſtake, and burnt to death with Charcoale.

Ioy. Nay then wee ſhal haue't.

Gart. Yes marry ſhall you. Siſter, will you ſpeake to him?

Ioy. No.

Gart. Doe you heare ſir? heer's a Gentlewoman would ſpeake with you.

Ioy. Why ſiſter, I pray Siſter,

Gart. One that loves you with all her heart,
Yet is aſhamed to confeſſe it.

Sta. Did you call, Ladyes?

Ioy. No ſir, heer's no one cald.

Gart. Yes ſir twas I, I cal'd to ſpeake with you.

Ioy. My ſiſter's ſomewhat frantique; there's no regard to be had unto her clamors: Will you yet leave?
I fayth you'le anger mee.

Gart. Paſſion: Come backe foole lover, turne againe and kiſſe your belly full, heer's one will ſtand yee,

Sta. What does this meane troe?

Ioy. Yes, is your humor ſpent?

Gart. Come let me goe, Birds that want the uſe of
Reaſon and of ſpeech, can couple together in one day;
And yet you that have both, cannot conclude in twenty:
now Siſter I am even with you, my venome is ſpit,
As much happineſs may you enjoy with your lover as I with mine
And droope not wench, nor never be aſhamd of him,
The man will ſerve the turne, though he be wrapt
In a blew Coate, Ile warrant him, come.

Ioy. You're merrily diſpoſed, Siſter. *Exeunt Wenches.*

Sta.

Sta. I needs muſt proſper, Fortune and Love worke for me:
Be moderate my Joyes; for as you grow
To your full height, So Bubbles waxeth low. *Exit.*

Enter Spendall, Sweatman, and Tickleman.

Tick. Will my ſweete *Spendall* be gone then?

Spend. I muſt upon promiſe; but Ile be here at ſupper:
Therefore Miſtris *Sweatman*, provide us ſome good cheare.

Swear. The beſt the Market will yeeld.

Spend. Heer's twentie ſhillings; I proteſt I have left my ſelfe but a Crowne, for my ſpending mony: for indeed I intend to be frugall, and turne good husband.

Tick. I marry will you, you'le to play againe, and loſe your Monie and fall to fighting; my very heart trembles to thinke on it: how if you had been killd in the quarrell, of my faith I had beene but a dead woman.

Spen. Come, come, no more of this; thou doſt but diſſemble.

Tick. Diſſemble? doe not you ſay ſo; for if you doe,
Gods my judge Ile give my ſelfe a gaſh.

Spend. Away, away, pre thee no more: farewell.

Tick. Nay buſſe firſt: Well,
There's no adverſitie in the word ſhall part us.

Enter Serjeants.

Spend Thou art a loving Raſcall; farewell.

Sweat. You will not fayle ſupper?

Spend. You have my word; farewell.

1. *Ser.* Sir, wee arreſt you.

Spend. Arreſt mee, at whoſe ſuite?

2. *Ser.* Marry there's ſuite enough againſt you,
Ile warrant you.

1. *Ser.* Come, away with him.

Spend Stay, heare mee a word.

2. *Ser.* What doe you ſay?

Enter Purſſnet.

Tick. How now *Purſſnet*, why com'ſt in ſuch haſte?

Purſſ. Shut up your doores, and barre young *Spendall* out,
And let him be caſhier'd your company,

He

He is turn'd Banquerout, his wares are ſeis'd on,
And his ſhop ſhut up.
Tick. How, his ware ſeis'd on? thou doſt but ieſt, I hope?
Purſ. What this tongue doth report, theſe eyes hath ſeene,
It is no *Æſops* fable that I tell,
But it is true as I am faythfull Pander.
Sweat. Nay I did ever thinke the Prodigall would prove
A Banquerout; but hang him, let him rott
In priſon, he comes no more within theſe doores
I warrant him.
Tick. Come hither? I would he would but offer it,
Weele fire him out with a pox to him.
Spend. Will you doe it?
To carry me to priſon, but undoes me.
1. *Sar.* What ſay you fellow *Gripe*, ſhall we take his 40. ſhillings.
2. *Sar.* Yes fayth, we ſhall have him againe within this weeke.
1. *Sar.* Well ſir, your 40. ſhillings? and weele have ſome compaſſion on you.
Spend. Wil you but walke with me unto that houſe,
And there you ſhal receive it.
Sar. What, where the women are?
Spend. Yes ſir.
Sweat. Looke yonder if the ungratious raſcall be not comming hither,
Betwixt two *Sargiants*: he thinkes belike,
That weele relieve him; let us goe in,
And clap the doores againſt him.
Purſ. It is the beſt courſe Miſtres *Tickleman.*
Tick. But I ſay no, you ſhall not ſtir a foote,
For I wil talke with him,
Spend. Nan, I am come
Even in the Minute that thou didſt profeſſe
Kindneſſe unto me, to make trial of it,
Adverſitie thou ſees layes hands upon me,
But Forty ſhillings will deliver me,
Tick. Why you impudent Rogue, doe you come to me for Mony?
Or do I know you? what acquaintance pray,

Hath

Hath ever paſt betwixt your ſelfe and mee?

Ser. Zownds do you mocke us, to bring us to theſe women that do not know you?

Sweat. Yes in good Sooth, (Officers I take't you're)
Hee's a meere ſtranger heere: onely in charitie,
Sometimes we have relieved him with a meale.

Spend. This is not earneſt in you? Come, I know
My guifts and bountie cannot be ſo ſoone buried:
Goe pre thee fetch fourtie ſhillings.

Tick. Talke not to me, (you ſlave) of Fourtie ſhillings;
For by this light that ſhines, aske it againe,
Ile ſend my Knife of an errand in your Guttes:
A ſhameleſſe Rogue to come to mee for Money.

Sweat. Is he your Priſoner, Gentlemen?

Ser. Yes marry is hee,

Sweat. Pray carry him then to Priſon, let him ſmart for't,
Perhaps twill tame the wildneſſe of his youth,
And teach him how to lead a better life:
Hee had good counſell here, I can aſſure you,
And if a would a tooke it.

Purſ. I told him ſtill my ſelfe, what would inſue.

Spend. Furies breake looſe in me: Sargeants let me me goe, Ile give you all I have, to purchaſe freedome but for a lightning while, to teare yond Whore, Baud, Pander; and in them, the Divell: for there's his Hell, his habitation; nor has hee any other locall place.

Takes Spendals Cloake.

Ser. No ſir, weele take no Bribes.

Spend. Honeſt Sargeants, give me leave to unlade
A heart ore-chargd with griefe; as I have a ſoule,
Ile not breake from you.
Thou Strumpet, that wert borne to ruine men,
My fame, and fortune: be ſubject to my Curſe,
And heare mee ſpeake it: Mayſt thou in thy youth,
Feele the ſharpe Whippe, and in thy Beldame age,
The Cart: when thou art growne to bee
An old Vpholſter unto *Venerie*,
(A Bawd I meane, to live by Fether-beds)
Mayſt thou be driven to ſell all thou haſt.

Vnto thy *Aqua vitæ Bottle*; that's the laſt
A Bawd will part withall; and live ſo poore,
That being turnd forth thy houſe, mayſt die at doore.
Ser. Come ſir, ha you done?
Spend. A little further give me leave, I pray,
I have a charitable Prayer to end with.
May the *French* Canniball eate into thy fleſh,
And picke thy bones ſo cleane, that the report
Of thy calamitie, may draw reſort
Of all the common Sinners in the towne,
To ſee thy mangled Carcaſſe: and that then,
They may upon't, turne honeſt; Bawd, ſay Amen. *Exit.*
Sweat. Out upon him wicked villaine, how he blaſpheames;
Purſ. He will be damn'd for turning Heretique.
Tick. Hang him Banquerout raſcall, let him talke in Priſon,
The whilſt weele ſpend his Goods: for I did never
Heare, that men tooke example by each other.
Sweat. Well if men did rightly conſider't, they ſhould find,
That Whores and Bawds are profitable members
In a Common-wealth: for indeed, though we ſomewhat
Impaire their Bodies, yet we doe good to their their Soules;
For I am ſure, we ſtill bring them to Repentance.
Purſ. By *Dis*, and ſo wee doe.
Sweat. Come, come, will you *Dis* before? thou art one of them,
that I warrant thee wilt be hangd, before thou wilt repent. *Exit.*

Enter Raſh, Staines, and Geraldine.

Raſh. Well, this *Love* is a troubleſome thing, *Iupiter* bleſſe
mee out of his fingers: there's no eſtate can reſt for him:
Hee runs through all Countries, will travell through the
Ile of Man in a minut; but never is quiet till he come into
Middle-ſex, and there keepes his Chriſtmas:
Tis his habitation, his manſion; from whence,
Heele never out, till he be fierd.
Ger. Well, doe not tyrannize too much, leſt one day he make
you know his Deitie, by ſending a ſhaft out of a ſparkling eye, ſhall
ſtrike ſo deepe into your heart, that it ſhall make you fetch your
breath ſhort againe.

Raſh

Raſh. And make me cry, O eyes no eyes, but two celeſtiall Stars? A pox ont, Ide as lieve heare a fellow ſing through the noſe. How now Wench?

Enter Gartred.

Gart. Keepe your ſtation; you ſtand as well for the incounter as may be: She is comming on; but as melancholy, as a Baſe-vyoll in Conſort.

Raſh. Which makes thee as ſprightly as the Treble.
Now doſt thou play thy prize: heer's the honorable Science one againſt another: Doe you heare Lover, the thing is done you wot off; you ſhall have your Wench alone without any diſturbance: now if you can doe any good, why ſo, the Silver Game be yours, weele ſtand by and give ayme, and hallow if you hit the Clout.

Sta. Tis all the aſſiſtance I requeſt of you,
Bring me but opportunatly to her preſence,
And I deſire no more: and if I cannot win her,
Let me loſe her.

Gart. Well ſir, let me tell you, perhaps you undertake
A harder taske then yet you doe imagine.

Sta. A taske, what to win a Woman, & have opportunitie? I wold that were a taske ifayth, for any man that weares his witts about him give me but halfe an houres
Conference with the coldeſt creature of them all,
And if I bring her not into a fooles Paradice,
Ile pul out my tongue, & hang it at her doore for a draw-latch.
Vdsfoot, I'de nere ſtand thrumming of Caps for the matter.
Ile quickly make tryall of her; if ſhe love
To have her beauty prays'd, Ile prayſe it: if her Witte,
Ile commende it: if her good parts, Ile exalt them.
No courſe ſhal ſcape me; for to whatſoever I ſaw her inclind to, to that would I fit her.

Raſh. But you muſt not doe thus to her, for ſhee's a ſubtile flonting rogue, that will laugh you out of countenance, if you ſolicit her ſeriouſly: No, talke me to her wantonly, ſlightly & careleſly, & perhaps ſo you may prevaile as much with her, as wind does with a Sayle, carry her whither thou wilt, Bully,

Enter Ioyce.

Sta. Well ſir Ile follow your inſtruction.

Raſh. Do ſo. And ſee ſhe appeares, fall you two off from us,
Let us two walke together.

Ioy. Why did my enquiring eye take in this fellow,
And let him downe ſo eaſie to my heart;
Where like a Conquerour he ſeiſes on it,
And beates all other men out of my Boſome?

Raſh. Siſter, you're well met,
Heer's a Gentleman deſires to be acquainted with you.

Ioy. See, the Servingman is turnd a Gentleman,
That villanous Wench my Siſter, has no mercy,
She and my Brother has conſpired together to play vpon me; But Ile prevent their ſport: for rather then my tongue ſhall have ſcope to ſpeake matter to give them mirth, my heart ſhall breake.

Raſh. You have your deſire ſir, Ile leave you;
Grapple with her as you can.

Sta. Lady, God ſave you, She turns backe upon the motion,
There's no good to be done by braying for her, I ſee that;
I muſt plunge into a paſſion: now for a piece of *Hero* and *Leander*: t'were excellent; and praiſe be to my memory,
It has reacht halfe a dozen lines for the purpoſe:
Well, ſhe ſhall have them.

One is no Number; Maydes are nothing then
Without the ſweet ſocietie of Men.
Wilt thou live ſingle ſtill? one ſhalt thou be,
Though never ſingling *Hymen* couple thee.
Wild Savages that drinke of running Springs,
Thinke Water farre excells all other things.
But they that dayly taſte neate Wine, deſpiſe it;
Virginitie albeit ſome highly prize it,
Compard with Marraige; had you tryd them both,
Differs as much as Wine and Water doth. No?
Why then have at you in another kind,

By the fayth of a Souldier (Lady) I doe reverence the ground that you walke upon: I will fight with him that dares ſay you are not faire: Stabbe him that will not pledge your health; and with a Dagger pierce a Vaine, to drinke a full health to you; but it ſhal be on this condition, that you ſhall ſpeake firſt.

Vds-foot, if I could but get her to talke once, halfe my labour were

over:

over: But Ile try her in another vaine.

What an excellent creature is a Woman without a tongue? But what a more excellent creature is a Woman that has a tongue, and can hold her peace? But how much more excellent and fortunate a creature is that man, that has that woman to his wife? This cannot chooſe but madde her;

And if any thing make a Woman talke, tis this. It will not doe tho yet. I pray God they have not guld mee:

But Ile try once againe.

When will that tongue take liberty to talke?
Speake but one word, and I am ſatisfied:
Or doe but ſay but *Mum*, and I am anſwerd.

No ſound? no accent? Is there no noyſe in Women?

Nay then without direction I ha don.

I muſt goe call for helpe.

Raſh. How, not ſpeake?

Sta. Not a ſillable: night nor ſleepe, is not more ſilent;

Shee's as dumbe as *Weſtminſter* Hall, in the long vacation.

Raſh. Well, and what would you have me doe?

Sta. Why, make her ſpeake.

Raſh. And what then?

Sta. Why let me alone with her.

Raſh. I, ſo you ſayd before, Give you but opportunitie,

And let you alone, you'd deſire no more: but come,

Ile try my cunning for you: See what I can doe.

How doe you ſiſter, I am ſorrry to heare you are not well,

This Gent. tels me you have loſt your tongue, I pray lets ſee;

If you can but make ſignes whereabout you loſt it,

Weele go and looke for't: in good faith ſiſter, you looke very pale,

In my conſcience tis for griefe: will you have

Any comfortable Drinkes ſent for, this is not the way;

Come walke, ſeeme earneſt in diſcourſe, caſt not an eye

Towards her, and you ſhall ſee weakeneſſe worke it ſelfe.

Ioy. My heart is ſwolne ſo big, that it muſt vent,

Or it will burſt: Are you a Brother?

Raſh. Looke to your ſelfe ſir,

The Brazen head has ſpoke, and I muſt leave you.

Ioy. Has ſhame that power in him, to make him fly:

And dare you be ſo impudent to ſtand
Juſt in the face of my incenſed anger?
What are you? why doe you ſtay? who ſent for you?
You were in Garments yeſterday, befitting
A fellow of your faſhion; has a Crowne
Purchaſt that ſhyning Sattin of the Brokers?
Or iſt a caſt Suit of your goodly Maiſters.

Sta. A Caſt ſuit Lady?

Ioy. You thinke it does become you: fayth it does not,
A Blew Coat with a Badge, does better with you.
Goe untruſſe your Maiſters Poynts, and do not dare
To ſtop your Noſe when as his Worſhip ſtinkes:
T'as been your breeding.

Sta. Vds'life, this is excellent: now ſhe talkes.

Ioy. Nay, were you a Gentleman: and which is more,
Well Landed, I ſhould hardly love you:
For, for your Face, I never ſaw a worſe,
It lookes as if't were drawne with yellow Oacker
Vpon blacke Buckram: and that Haire
Thats on your Chin, lookes not like Beard,
But as ift had been ſmeard with Shoomakers Wax.

Sta. Vdsfoot, ſheele make me out of love with my ſelfe.

Ioy. How dares your Baſenes once aſpyre unto
So high a fortune, as to reach at mee:
Becauſe you have heard, that ſome have run away
With Butlers, Horskeepers, and their fathers Clearks;
You forſooth, cockerd with your owne ſuggeſtion,
Take heart upon't, and thinke mee, (that am meate,
And ſet up for your Maiſter) fit for you.

Sta. I would I could get her now to hold her tongue.

Ioy. Or cauſe, ſometimes as I have paſt along,
And have returnd a Curtſie for your Hatt,
You (as the common tricke is) ſtraight ſuppoſe,
Tis Love, (ſirreverence, which makes the word more beaſily.)

Sta. Why, tis worſe then ſilence,

Ioy. But wee are fooles and in our reputations
We find the ſmart on't:
Kindneſſe, is tearmed Lightneſſe, in our ſex.

And when we give a Favour, or a Kiſſe,
Wee give our Good names too.

Sta. Will you be dumbe againe.

Ioy. Men you are cald, but you're a viperous brood,
Whom we in charity take into our boſomes,
And cheriſh with our heart: for which you ſting us.

Sta. Vds'foot, Ile fetch him that waked your tongue,
To lay it downe againe.

Raſh. Why how now man?

Sta. O relieve me, or I ſhall loſe my hearing,
You have rayſde a Furie up into her tongue;
A Parliament of women could not make
Such a Confuſed noyſe as that ſhe utters.

Raſh. Well, what would you have me do?

Sta. Why make her hold her tongue.

Raſh. And what then?

Sta. Why then let me alone againe.

Raſh. This is very good I fayth, firſt give thee but opportunitie, and let thee alone: then make her but Speake, and let
Thee alone: now make her hold her tongue, and then
Let her alone: By my troth I thinke I were beſt to let
Thee alone indeed: but come, follow me,
The Wild-cat ſhall not carry it ſo away.
Walke, walke, as wee did.

Ioy. What have you fetcht your Champion? what can he do?
Not have you nor himſelfe from out the ſtorme
Of my incenſed rage; I will thunder into your eares,
The wrongs that you have done an innocent Mayde:
Oh you're a cupple of ſweet: What ſhal I cal you?
Men you are not; for if you were,
You would not offer this unto a Mayde.
Wherein have I deſerv'd it at your hands? Have I not been alwayes a kind Siſter to you, & in ſignes & tokens ſhewed it? Did I not ſend Money to you at *Cambridge* when you were but a Freſhman, wrought you Purſes and Bandes; and ſince you came toth'Inn's a Court, a faire payre of Hangers? Have you not take Rings from me which I have beene faine to ſay I have loſt, when you had paund, them: and yet was never beholding to you for a payre of Gloves? a

Raſh.

Raſh. A Womans tongue I ſee, is like a bell,
That once being ſet a going, goes it ſelfe.

Ioy. And yet you to joyne with my ſiſter againſt mee,
Send one heere to play upon me, whilſt you laugh and leere,
And make a paſtime on mee: is this Brotherly done?
No it is Barbarous, & a *Turke* would bluſh to offer it to a Chriſtian
but I will thinke on't, and have it written in my heart, when it hath
ſlipt your memories.

Raſh. When will your tongue be wearie?

Ioy. Never.

Raſh. How, never? Come talke, and Ile talke with you,
Ile try the nimble footmanſhip of your tongue;
And if you can out-talke me, yours be the victory.

Heere they two talke and rayle what they liſt;
then Raſh ſpeakes to Stayns

All ſpeake. Vds'foot, doſt thou ſtand by, and doe nothing?
Come talke, and drowne her clamors.

Heere they all three talke, and Ioyce gives
over weeping, and Exit.

Gerald. Alas, ſhee's ſpent yfaith: now the ſtorme's over.

Raſh. Vds'foot, Ile follow her as long as I have any breath.

Gart. Nay no more now Brother, you have no compaſſion,
You ſee ſhe cryes.

Sta. If I doe not wonder ſhe could talke ſo long, I am a villaine,
She eats no Nuts I warrant her: ſfoot, I am almoſt out of breath.
With that little I talkt: well Gent. Brothers I might ſay;
For ſhe and I muſt clap hands upon't: a match for all this.
Pray goe in; and ſiſter, ſalue the matter, collogue with her
Againe, and all ſhall be well: I have a little buſineſſe
That muſt be thought upon, and tis partly for your mirth,
Therefore let mee not (tho abſent) be forgotten:
Farewell.

Raſh. We will be mindfull of you ſir, fare you well.

Ger. How now man, what tyerd, tyerd?

Raſh. Zounds, and you had talkt as much as I did, you would be
tyr'd I warrant: What, is ſhe gone in? Ile to her againe whilſt my
tongue is warme: and if I thought I ſhould be uſed to this exerciſe
I would eate every morning an ounce of Lickoriſh, *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Lodge the maiſter of the Priſon, and Holdfaſt his man.

Lodge. Have you ſumd up thoſe Reckonings?

Hold. Yes Sir.

Lodg. And what is owing mee?

Hold. Thirtie-ſeven pound odd monie.

Lodg. How much owes the *Frenchman?*

Hold. A fourtnights Commons.

Lodg. Has *Spendall* any money?

Hold. Not any ſir: and he has ſold all his Cloaths.

Enter Spendall.

Lodg. That fellow would waſt Millions, if he had them;
Whilſt he has Monie, no man ſpends a penny:
Aske him money, and if he ſay he has none,
Be plaine with him, and tume him out o'th Ward. *Exit Lodg.*

Hold. I will ſir. Maſter *Spendall*,
My Maſter has ſent to you for money.

Spend. Monie, why does he ſend to me? does he thinke
I have the Philoſophers Stone, or I can clip or coyne?
How does he thinke I can come by monie?

Hold. Fayth ſir, his occaſions are ſo great, that he muſt have mony, or elſe he can buy no Victuals.

Spend. Then we muſt ſtarve, belike: Vds foot thou ſeeſt
I have nothing left, that will yeeld me two ſhillings.

Hold. If you have no money,
You're beſt remove into ſome cheaper Ward.

Spend. What Ward ſhould I remove in?

Hold. Why to the Two-penny Ward, its likelieſt to hold out with your meanes: or if you will, you may goe into the Hole, and there you may feed for nothing.

Spend. I, out of the Almes-Basket, where Charitie appeares
In likeneſſe of a peece of ſtinking Fiſh:
Such as they beat Bawdes with when they are Carted.

Hold. Why ſir, do not ſcorne it, as good men as your ſelfe
Have been glad to eate Scraps out of the Almsbasket.

Spend. And yet ſlave, thou in pride wilt ſtop thy noſe,
Serue and make faces, talke contemptibly of it,
and of the feeders, ſurly groome.

Enter Fox.

Hold. Well ſir, your mallapertnes will get you nothing *Fox.*

Fox. Here.

Hold. A priſoner to the Hole, take charge of him, and uſe him as ſcurvily as thou cãſt: you ſhal be taught your dutie ſir, I warrant you.

Spend. Hence ſlaviſh tyrants, inſtruments of torture,
There is more kindneſſe yet in Whores, then you,
For when a man hath ſpent all, he may goe
And ſeeke his way, theyle kicke him out of dores;
Not keepe him in as you doe, and inforce him
To be the ſubject of their cruelty.
You have no mercy; but be this your comfort,
The puniſhment and tortures which you doe
Inflict on men, the Divels ſhall on you.

Hold. Well ſir, you may talke, but you ſhall ſee the end,
And who ſhall have the worſt of it. *Exit Hold.*

Spend. Why villaine, I ſhall have the worſt, I know it,
And am prepard to ſuffer like a *Stoicke*,
Or elſe (to ſpeake more properly) like a Stocke;
For I have no ſenſe left: doſt thou thinke I have?

Fox. Zounds, I thinke hee's madde?

Spend. Why, thou art i'th right; for I am madde indeed,
And have beene madde this two yeares. Doſt thou thinke
I could have ſpent ſo much as I have done
In wares and credit, had I not beene madde?
Why thou muſt know, I had a faire eſtate,
Which through my ryot, I have torne in peeces,
And ſcattered amongſt Bawdes, Buffoons, and Whores,
That fawnd on me, and by their flatteries,
Rockt all my underſtanding faculties
Into a pleaſant ſlumber; where I dreampt
Of nought but joy and pleaſure: never felt
How I was luld in ſenſualitie,
Vntill at laſt, affliction waked me:
And lightning up the Tapor of my ſoule,
Led me unto my ſelfe; where I might ſee
A minde and body rent with miſerie. *A Priſoner within.*

Priſ.

Priſ. Harry Fox, Harry Fox. *Fox.* Who calls?

Enter Priſoners.

Priſ. Here's the Bread and Meat-man come.

Fox. Well, the Bread and Meate-man may ſtay a little.

Priſ. Yes indeed *Harry*, the Bread and Meat-man may ſtay: But you know our ſtomacks cannot ſtay.

Enter Gatherſcrap with the Basket.

Fox. Indeed your Stomacke is alwayes firſt up,

Priſ. And therefore by right, ſhould be firſt ſerved: I have a ſtomack like *Aqua fortis*, it will eate any thing: O father *Gatherſcrap*, here are excellent bits in the Basket.

Fox. Will you hold your Chops further; by and by youle drivell into the Basket?

Priſ. Perhaps it may doe ſome good; for there may be a peece of powderd Beefe that wants watering.

Fox. Here ſir, here's your ſhare.

Priſ. Here's a bit indeed: whats this to a *Gargantua* ſtomack?

Fox. Thou art ever grumbling.

Priſ. Zounds, it would make a Dog grumble, to want his Victuals: I pray give *Spendal* none, he came into'th Hole but yeſter-night.

Fox. What, doe you refuſe it?

Spend. I cannot eate, I thanke you.

Priſ. No, no, give it me; hee's not yet ſeaſond for our companie.

Fox. Divide it then amongſt you. *Exit Fox & Priſoners.*

Spend. To ſuch a one as theſe are, muſt I come,
Hunger will draw me into their fellowſhip,
To fight and ſcramble for unſaverie Scraps,
That come from unknowne hands, perhaps unwaſht:
And would that were the worſt; for I have noted,
That nought goes to the Priſoners, but ſuch food
As either by the weather has beene tainted,
Or Children, nay ſometimes full paunched Dogges,
Have overlickt, as if men had determind
That the worſt Suſtenance, which is Gods Creatures,
How ever they're abuſde, are good enough
For ſuch vile Creatures as abuſe themſelves.
O what a Slave was I unto my my Pleaſures?

How drownd in Sinne, and overwhelmd in Luſt?
That I could write my repentance to the world,
And force th'impreſſion of it in the hearts
Of you, and my acquaintance, I might teach them
By my example to looke home to Thrift;
And not to range abroad to ſeeke out Ruine:
Experience ſhewes, his Purſe ſhall ſoone grow light,
Whom Dice waſtes in the day, Drabs in the night:
Let all avoyde falſe Strumpets, Dice, and Drinke;
For he that leaps ith Mudde, ſhall quickly ſinke.

Enter Fox and Long-field.

Fox. Yonder's the man.

Long. I thanke you.
How is it with you, ſir? What on the ground?
Looke up, there's comfort towards you.

Spend. Belike ſome charitable friend has ſent a ſhilling,
What is your buſineſſe? *Long.* Libertie.

Spend. There's vertue in that word; Ile riſe up to you.
Pray let me heare that chearefull word againe.

Long. The able, and wel-minded Widdow *Raysby.*
Whoſe hand is ſtill upon the poore mans Box,
Hath in her Charitie remembred you:
And being by your Maiſter ſeconded,
Hath taken order with your Creditors
For day and payment; and freely from her Purſe,
By me her Deputie, ſhe hath diſchargd
All Duties in the Houſe: Beſides, to your neceſſities,
This is bequeathd, to furniſh you with cloathes.

Spend. Speake you this ſeriouſly?

Long Tis not my practiſe to mocke Miſerie

Spend. Be ever prayſed that Divinitie,
That has to my oppreſſed ſtate rayſd Friends:
ſtill be his bleſſings powred upon their heads:
Your hand, I pray,
That have ſo faithfully performd their wills:
If ere my induſtrie, ioynd with their loves,
Shall rayſe me to a competent eſtate,
Your name ſhall ever be to me a friend.

Long.

Long. In your good wiſhes, you requite me amply.
Spend. All Fees, you ſay, are payd? there's for your love.
Fox. I thanke you ſir, and am glad you are releaſt. *Exit.*

Enter Bubble gallanted.

Bub. How Apparrell makes a man reſpected; the very children in the ſtreet do adore mee: for if a Boy that is throwing at his Jack-alent chaunce to hit me on the ſhinnes: Why, I ſay nothing but, *Tu quoque*, ſmile, and forgive the Child with a beck of my hand, or ſome ſuch like token; ſo by that meanes, I doe ſeldome go without broken ſhinnes.

Enter Staines like an Italian.

Sta. The bleſſings of your Miſtres fall upon you,
And may the heat and ſpirit of Hee-lip,
Endue her with matter above her underſtanding,
That ſhe may only live to admire you, or as the *Italian* ſayes;
Que que dell fogo Ginni Coxcombie.
Bub. I doe wonder what language he ſpeakes.
Doe you heare my friend, are not you a Conjurer?
Sta. I am ſir, a perfect Traveller, that have trampled over
The face of this univerſe, and can ſpeake *Greeke* and
Latine as promptly, as my owne naturall language:
I have compoſd a Booke, wherein I have ſet downe
All the Wonders of the world that I have ſeene
And the whole ſcope of my Jornies, together with the
Miſeries and lowſie fortunes I have endured therein.
Bub. O Lord Sir, are you the man? give me your hand:
How doe yee: in good fayth I thinke I have heard of you.
Sta. No ſir, you never heard of mee, I ſet this day footing
Vpon the Wharffe, I came in with the laſt peale of Ordinance,
And dind this day in the Exchange amongſt the Marchants
But this is frivelous and from the matter: you doe ſeeme
To be one of your *Gentile* ſpirits that doe affect *Generoſitie*:
Pleaſeth you to be inſtituted in the nature, Garb, and habit,
Of the moſt exacteſt Nation in the world, the *Italian:*
Whoſe Language is ſweeteſt, Cloaths neateſt, and behaviour
Moſt accompliſht: I am one that have ſpent much money,
And time; which to me is more deare then monie, in the
Obſervation of theſe things: and now I am come,

I wil ſit me downe and reſt, and make no doubt,
But by qualitie, to purchaſe and build, by profeſſing this Art,
Or humane Science (as I may terme it,) to ſuch Honorable
And Worſhipfull perſonages as meane to be peculiar.

Bub. This fellow has his tongue at his fingers ends:
But harke you ſir, is your *Italian* the fineſt Gentleman?

Sta. In the world *Signior*, your *Spaniard* is a meere *Bumbard* to him: he will bounce indeed; but he will burſt: But your *Italian* is ſmooth and loftie, & his language is, Couzen germane to the *Latin*.

Bub. Why then he has his *Tu quoque* in his ſalute?

Sta. Yes ſir, for it is an *Italian* word as well as a *Latine*,
And infolds a double ſenſe: for one way ſpoken,
It includes a fine Gentleman like your ſelf;
And another way, it imports an Aſſe, like whom you will.

Bub. I would my man *Jarvis* were here, for he underſtands theſe things better then I. You will not ſerve?

Sta. Serve, no ſir, I have talkt with the great *Sophy*.

Bub. I pray ſir, what's the loweſt price of being *Italianated*?

Sta. Sir, if it pleaſe you, I will ſtand to your bounty:
And marke me, I will ſet your face like a Grand ſignors,
And you ſhall march a whole day, untill you come oportunely to your Miſtris,
And not diſrancke one hayre of your phyſnomie.

Bub. I would you would doe it Sir, if you wil ſtand to my Bounty, I will pay you, as I am an *Italian tu quoque*.

Sta. Then ſir, I will firſt disburthen you of your Cloake,
You will be the nimbler to practiſe: Now ſir, obſerve me,
Go you directly to the Lady to whom you devote your ſelfe.

Bub. Yes ſir.

Sta. You ſhall ſet a good ſtay'd face upon the matter then.
Your Band is not to your Shirt, is it?

Bub. No ſir, tis looſe.

Sta. It is the fitter for my purpoſe.
I will firſt remove your Hatte, it has been the faſhion (as I have heard) in *England*, to weare your Hatte thus in your eyes; But it is groſſe, naught, inconvenient, and proclaymes with a loud voyce; that he that brought it up firſt, ſtood in feare of Sargiants. Your *Italian* is contrarie, he doth advance his Hatte and ſets it thus.

Bub.

Bub. Excellent well: I would you would ſet on my head ſo.

Sta. Soft, I wil firſt remove your Band, and ſet it out of the reach of your eye; it muſt lie altogether backeward: So, your Band is wel.

Bub. Is it as you would have it?

Sta. It is as I would wiſh; only ſir, this I muſt condition you off: in your affront or ſalute, never to move your Hatte: But here, here is your curteſie.

Bub. Nay I warrant you let me alone, if I perceive a thing once, Ile carry it away, Now pray ſir, reach my Cloake.

Sta. Never whilſt you live, ſir

Bub. No, what doe your *Italians* weare no Cloakes?

Sta. Your *Signiors* never: you ſee I am unfurniſht my ſelfe.

Enter Sir Lyo Will Raſh, Geraldine, Widdow. Gartred, and Ioyce.

Bub. Say ſo? prethee keepe it then. See, yonder's the companie that I looke for; therefore, if you will ſet my face of any faſhion, pray doe it quickly.

Sta. You carry your face as well as ere an *Italian* in the world, onely inrich it with a Smile, and tis incomparable: and thus much more, at your firſt appearance, you ſhal perhaps ſtrike your acquaintance into an extaſie, or perhaps a laughter: but tis ignorance in them which will ſoone be overcome, if you perſever.

Bub. I will preſever, I warrant thee; onely doe thou ſtand aloofe and be not ſeene, becauſe I would have them thinke I fetch it out of my owne practiſe.

Sta. Doe not you feare, Ile not be ſeene, I warrant you. *Exit.*

Lyo. Now *Widdow*, you are welcome to my houſe,
And to your owne houſe too, ſo yoe may call it:
For what is mine, is yours: you may command here,
As at home, and be as ſoone obayde.

Wid. May I deſerve this kindneſſe of you, ſir?

Bub. Save you Gent. I ſalute you after the *Italian* faſhion.

Raſh. How, the *Italian faſhion?* Zounds, he has dreſt him rarely

Lyo. My ſonne *Bubble*, I take it?

Raſh. The nether part of him I thinke is he,
But what the upper part is, I know not.

Bub. By my troth hee's a rare fellow, he ſayd true:

They

They are all in an extaſie.

Gart. I thinke hee's madde.

Ioy. Nay that cannot bee, for they ſay, they that are madde, loſe their wits: and I am ſure he had none to loſe.

Enter Scattergood.

Lyo. How now ſonne *Bubble*, how come you thus attyrde? What, do you meane to make your ſelfe a laughing ſtocke, ha?

Bub. Vm; Ignorance, ignorance.

Ger. For the love of laughter, looke yonder: Another Herring in the ſame pickle.

Raſh. The tother *Hobby*-horſe I perceive is not forgotten.

Bub. *Ha*, ha, ha, ha,

Scat. *Ha*, ha, ha, ha,

Bub. Who has made him ſuch a Coxcombe troe?

An *Italian tu quoque*?

Scat. I ſalute you according to the *Italian* faſhion.

Bub. Puh, the *Italian* faſhion? the tatterd-de-malian faſhion hee meanes.

Scat. Save you ſweet bloods, ſave you.

Lyo. Why but what Iigge is this?

Scat. Nay if I know father, would I were hanged, I am e'ne as Innocent as the Child new borne.

Lyo. I but ſonne *Bubble*, where did you two buy your Felts?

Scat. Felts! By this light, mine is a good Beaver: It coſt me three pounds this morning upon truſt.

Lyo. Nay, I thinke you had it upon truſt: for no man that has any ſhame in him, would take money for it: behold Sir.

Scat. *Ha*, ha, ha,

Lyo. Nay never doe you laugh, for you're i'th ſame blocke.

Bub. Is this the *Italian* faſhion?

Scat. No, it is the Fooles faſhion: And we two are the firſt that follow it.

Bub. *Et tu quoque*, are we both cozend? Then let's ſhew our ſelves brother in adverſity, and imbrace.

Lyo. What was he that cheated you.

Bub. Marry ſir, he was a Knave that cheated me,

Scat. And I thinke he was no honeſt man, that cheated mee,

Lyo. Doe you know him againe, if you ſee him?

Enter

Enter Staynes.

Bub. Yes I know him againe, if I ſee him:
But I doe not know how I ſhould come to ſee him.
O *Iarvis*, *Iarvis*, doe you ſee us two, *Iarvis*?

Sta. Yes ſir, very well.

Bub. No, you doe not ſee us very well;
For we have been horribly abuſed:
Never were *Engliſhmen* ſo guld in *Italian*, as wee have been.

Sta. Why ſir, you have not loſt your Cloake and Hat?

Bub. Iarvis you lie, I have loſt my Cloake and Hatte:
And therefore you muſt uſe your credit for another.

Scat. I thinke my old Cloake and Hatte muſt be glad to ſerve me till next quarter day.

Lyo. Come, take no care for Cloakes, Ile furniſh you:
To night you lodge with mee, to morrow morne
Before the Sunne be up, prepare for Church,
The *Widdow* and I have ſo concluded on't:
The Wenches underſtand not yet ſo much,
Nor ſhall not, untill bedtime: then will they
Not ſleepe a wincke all night, for very joy.

Scat. And Ile promiſe, the next night,
They ſhall not ſleepe for joy neither.

Lyo. O Maiſter *Geraldine*, I ſaw you not before:
Your Father now is come to towne, I heare.

Ger. Yes Sir.

Lyo. Were not my buſineſſe earneſt, I would ſee him:
But pray intreat him breake an howres ſleepe
To morrow morne, t'accompany me to Church;
And come your ſelfe I pray along with him.

Enter Spendall.

Ger. Sir, I thanke you.

Lyo. But looke, here comes one,
That has but lately ſhooke off his Shackles.
How now ſirra, wherefore come you?

Spend. I come to crave a pardon ſir, of you,
And with heartie and zealous thankes
Vnto this worthy Lady, that hath given mee

More then I ere could hope for: Libertie.
Wid. Be thankfull unto Heaven, and your Maiſter:
Nor let your heart grow bigger then you Purſe,
But live within a limit, leaſt you burſt out
To Ryot, and to Miſery againe:
For then 'twould loſe the benefit I meane it.
Lyo. O you doe graciouſly, tis good advice:
Let it take roote firra, let it take roote.
But come *Widdow* come, and ſee your Chamber,
Nay your companie too, for I muſt ſpeake with you. *Exit.*
Spend. Tis bound unto you Sir.
Bub. And I have to talke with you too, Miſtris *Ioyce*:
Pray a word.
Ioy. What would you, Sir?
Bub. Pray let me ſee your hand: the line of your Maydenhead is out. Now for your Fingers; upon which Finger wil you weare your wedding Ring?
Ioy. Vpon no Finger.
Bub. Then I perceive you meane to weare it on your thumb. Well, the time is come ſweet *Ioyce*, the time is come.
Ioy. What to doe ſir?
Bub. For me to tickle thy *Tu quoque*; to doe the act of our fore-father: therfore prepare, provide,
To morrow morne to meet mee as my Bride, *Exit.*
Ioy. Ile meet thee like a Ghoſt firſt.
Gart. How now, what matter have you fiſht out of that foole?
Ioy. Matter as poyſning as corruption,
That will without ſome Antidote ſtrike home
Like blew Infection to the very heart.
Raſh. As how, for Gods ſake?
Ioy. To morrow is the appoynted Wedding day.
Gart. The day of doome it is?
Ger. 'Twould be a diſmall day indeed to ſome of us.
Ioy. Sir, I doe know you love me; and the time
Will not be dallyed with: be what you ſeeme,
Or not the ſame; I am your Wife, your Miſtris,
Or your Servant; indeed what you will make mee:
Let us no longer wrangle with our wits;

Or dally with our Fortunes; lead me hence,
And carry me into a Wildemeſſe:
Ile faſt with you, rather then feaſt with him.
Sta. What can be welcommer unto theſe armes?
Not my eſtate recoverd, is more ſweete,
Nor ſtrikes more joy in me, then does your love.
Raſh. Will you both kiſſe then upon the bargaine,
Here's two couple on you; God give you joy,
I wiſh well to you, and I ſee tis all the good that I can doe you:
And ſo to your ſhifts I leave you.
Ioy. Nay Brother you will not leave us thus, I hope.
Raſh. Why what would you have me doe, you meane to runne away together, would you ha me run with you, and ſo loſe my inheritance: no, trudge, trudge with your backs to me, and your bellies to them: away.
Ger, Nay I prethee be not thus unſeaſonable:
Without thee wee are nothing.
Raſh. By my troth and I think ſo too, you love one another in the way of Matrimonie, doe you not?
Ger. What elſe man?
Raſh. What elſe man? why tis a queſtion to be askt;
For I can aſſure you, there is an other kind of love:
But come follow mee, I muſt be your good Angell ſtill:
Tis in this braine how to prevent my Father, and his brace
Of Beagles: you ſhall none of you be bid to night:
Follow but my direction, if I bring you not,
To have and to hold, for better for worſe, let me be held an
Eunuch in wit, and one that was never Father to a good Ieaſt.
Gart. We'le be inſtructed by you.
Raſh. Well, if you bee, it will be your owne another day,
Come follow mee.

Spendall meetes them, and they looke ſtrangely upon him, and Exit.

Spend. How ruthleſſe men are to adverſitie.
My acquaintance ſcarce will know me, when we meet
They cannot ſtay to talke, they muſt be gone;
And ſhake me by the hand as if I burnt them:

A man muſt truſt unto himſelfe, I ſee;
For if he once but halt in his eſtate,
Friendſhip will proove but broken Crutches to him:
Well, I will leane to none of them, but ſtand
Free of my ſelfe: and if I had a ſpirit
Daring to act what I am prompted to,
I might thruſt out into the world againe,
Full bloſſomd with a ſweete and golden Spring:
It was an argument of love in her
To fetch me out of Priſon, and this night,
She claſpt my hand in hers, as who ſhould ſay,
Thou art my Purchaſe, and I hold thee thus:
The worſt is but repulſe, if I attempt it:
I am reſolvd, my Genius whiſpers to mee
Go on and win her, thou art young and active;
Which ſhe is apt to catch at, for there's nought
That's more unſteadfaſt, then a womans thought.

Enter Sir Lyo. Will Raſh, Scatter-good, Bubble, Widdow, Gartred, Ioyce, Phillis, and Servant.

Lyo. Here's ill lodging *Widdow*: but you muſt know,
If wee had better, we could affoord it you.
Wid. The lodging Sir, might ſerve better Gueſtes.
Lyo. Not better *Widdow*, nor yet welcommer:
But wee will leave you to it, and the reſt.
Phillis, pray let your Miſtris not want any thing,
Once more Good night, Ile leave a kiſſe with you,
As earneſt of a better Guift to morrow.
Sirrah, a Light.
Wid. Good reſt to all.
Bub. Et tu quoque, forſooth.
Scat. God give you good-night, forſooth,
And ſend you an early reſurrection.
Wid. God-night to both.
Lyo Come, come away, each Bird unto his neſt,
To morrow night's a time of little reſt, *Exit.*

Manet Widdow and Phillis.

Wid.

Wid. Here untie: ſoft, let it alone,
I have no diſpoſition to ſleepe yet:
Give me a Booke and leave me for a while,
Some halfe houre hence, looke into me.
Phil. I ſhall forſooth. *Exit Phillis.*

Enter Spendall.

Wid. How now, what makes this bold intruſion?
Spend Pardon me Lady, I have buſines to you.
Wid. Buſines, from whom, is it of ſuch importance
That it craves preſent hearing?
Spend. It does.
Wid Then ſpeake it, and be briefe.
Spend. Nay gentle *Widdow*, be more pliant to me.
My ſuit is ſoft and courteous: full of love.
Widd Of love?
Spend. Of love.
Wid Why ſure the man is madde? bethinke thy ſelfe
Thou haſt forgot thy errand?
Spend. I have indeed, faire Lady; for my errand
Should firſt have beene delivered on your lippes.
Wid. Why thou impudent fellow, unthrift of ſhame,
As well as of thy purſe; What has moovd thee
To proſecute thy ruine? hath my bounty,
For which thy Maiſter was an Orator,
Importun'd thee to pay me with abuſe?
Sirra retire, or I will to your ſhame,
With clamors rayſe the houſe, and make your Maiſter
For this attempt, returne you to the Dungion,
From whence you came.
Spend. Nay then I muſt be deſperate:
Widdow, hold your Clapdiſh, faſten your tongue
Vnto your Roofe, and doe not dare to call,
But give me audience, with feare and ſilence:
Come kiſſe mee: No?
This Dagger has a poynt, doe you ſee it?
And be unto my ſuit obedient,
Or you ſhall feele it too:
For I will rather totter, hang in cleane Linnen,

Then liue to ſcrub it out in lowſie Lynings.
Go too, kiſſe: You will? why ſo: Againe: the third time?
Good, tis a ſufficient Charme: Now heare mee,
You are rich in Mony, Lands, and Lordſhips,
Mannors, and fayre Poſſeſſions, and I haue not ſo much
As one poore Coppy-hold to thruſt my head in.
Why ſhould you not then haue compaſſion
vpon a reaſonable handſome fellow,
That has both youth and liuelihood vpon him,
And can at midnight quicken and refreſh
Pleaſures decayed in you? You want Children,
And I am ſtrong, luſty, and haue a backe
Like *Hercules*, able to get them
Without the helpe of Muſcadine and Eggs:
And will you then, that haue inough,
Take to your Bed a bundle of diſeaſes,
Wrapt up in threeſcore yeares, to lie a hawking,
Spitting and coſſing backwards and forwards
That you ſhall not ſleepe; but thruſting forth
Your face out of the Bed, be glad to draw
The Curtaines, ſuch a ſteame ſhall reeke
Out of this dunghill. Now what ſay you?
Shall we without further wrangling clap it vp,
And goe to Bed together?

Wid. Will you heare mee?

Spend. Yes with all my heart,
So the firſt word may be, Vntruſſe your poynts.
Zounds one knocks: do not ſtirre I charge you, *Knocke within*
Nor ſpeake, but what I bid you:
For by theſe Lippe, which now in loue I kiſſe,
If you but ſtruggle, or but rayſe your voyce,
My arme ſhall riſe with it, and ſtrike you dead.
Go too, come on with me, and aske who's there?

Wid. It is my Mayde.

Spend. No matter, doe as I bid you: ſay, Who's there?

Wid. Who's there?

Within Phillis. Tis I, forſooth.

Spend. If it be you, forſooth, then pray ſtay.

Till

Till I ſhall call upon you,
Wid. If it be you forſooth, then pray you ſtay,
Till I ſhall call upon you.
Spend. Very well, why now I ſee.
Thou'lt proove an obedient wife, come, let's undreſſe.
Wid. Will you put up your naked weapon ſir?
Spend. You ſhall pardon mee (Widdow) I muſt have you grant firſt.
Wid. You will not put it up.
Spend. Not till I have ſome token of your love.
Wid. If this may be a teſtimony, take it. *Kiſſe him.*
By all my hopes I love thee, thou art worthy
Of the beſt widdow living, thou tak'ſt the courſe;
And thoſe that will win widdowes muſt doe thus.
Spen. Nay, I knew what I did, when I came with my naked weapon in my hand; but come, unlace.
Wid. Nay my deare love, know that I will not yeeld
My body unto luſt, untill the Prieſt
Shall ioyne us in *Hymens* ſacred nuptiall rites.
Spend. Then ſet your hand to this, nay 'tis a contract
Strong and ſufficient, and will hold in Law,
Here, here's pen and incke, you ſee I come provided.
Wid. Give me the penne.
Spend. Why here's ſome comfort,
Yet write your name faire I pray,
And at large; why now 'tis very well,
Now widdow you may admit your Maid,
For i'th next roome I'le goe fetch a nappe,
Wid. Thou ſhalt not leave me ſo, come pre thee ſit,
Wee'l talke a while, for thou haſt made my heart
Dance in my boſome I receive ſuch joy.
Spend. Thou art a good wench yfaith, come kiſſe upon't.
Wid. But will you be a loving husband to me,
Avoyd all naughty company, and be true
To me, and to my bedde?
Spend. As true to thee, as Steele to Adamant.
Binde him to the poaſt.
Wid. I'le binde you to your word, ſee that you be,

Or I'le conceale my bagges, I have kinsfolkes,
To whom I'le mak't over, you ſhall not have a penny.
Spend. Puſh, pre thee do not doubt me,
How now, what meanes this?
Wid. It meanes my vengeance; nay ſir, you are faſt,
Nor doe not dare to ſtruggle, I have libertie,
Both of my tongue and feet, I'le call my maid:
Phillis come in, and helpe to triumph, *Enter Phillis.*
Over this bold intruder, wonder not wench,
But goe unto him, and ranſacke all his pockets,
And take from thence a Contract which he forc'd
From my unwilling fingers:
Spend. Is this according to your oath.
Phillis. Come ſir, I muſt ſearch you.
Spend. I pre thee doe.
And when thou tak'ſt that from me, take my life too.
Wid. Haſt thou it gerle?
Phill. I have a paper here.
Wid. It is the ſame, give it me, looke you ſir,
Thus your new fancied hopes I teare aſunder:
Poore wretched man, 'thaſt had a golden dreame,
Which gilded o're thy calamitie:
But being awake thou findſt it ill laid on,
For with one finger I have wip'd it off:
Goe fetch me hither the Casket that containes
My choyceſt Jewells, and ſpread them here before him;
Looke you ſir:
Here's gold, pearle, rubies, ſaphires, diamonds;
Theſe would be goodly things for you to pawne,
Or revell with amongſt your Curtizans,
Whilſt I and mine did ſtarve: why doſt not curſe,
And utter all the miſchiefes of thy heart,
Which I know ſwells within thee? powre it out,
And let me heare thy fury.
Spend. Never, never:
When ere my tongue ſhall ſpeake but well of thee,
It prooves no faithfull ſervant to my heart.
Wid. Falſe traitor to thy maſter, and to me,

Thou

Thou lieſt, there's no ſuch thing within thee.
Spend. May I be burn'd to uglineſſe, to that
Which you and all men hate, but I ſpeake truth.
Wid. May I be turn'd a monſter, and the ſhame
Of all my Sex, —— and if I not beleeve thee,
Take me unto thee, theſe and all that's mine,
Were it thriee trebled, thou wert worthy all:
And doe not blame this triall, cauſe it ſhews
I give my ſelfe unto thee, am not forc'd,
And with't alone, that ne'r ſhall be divorc'd.
Spend. I am glad 'tis come to this yet, by this light
Thou putt'ſt me into a horrible feare:
But this is my excuſe: know that my thoughts
Were not ſo deſperate as my actions ſeem'd,
For fore my dagger ſhould ha drawne one droppe
Of thy chaſt blood, it ſhould have ſluc'd out mine;
And the cold point ſtrucke deepe into my heart:
Nor better be my fate, if I ſhall move
To any other pleaſure but my love.
Wid. It ſhall be in my Creed: but let's away,
For night with her blacke Steeds drawes up the day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Raſh, Staines, Geraldine, Gartred, Ioyce, and a Boy with a Lanthorne.

Raſh. Softly Boy, ſoftly, you thinke you are upon firme ground, but it is dangerous; you'l never make a good thiefe, you rogue, till you learne to creepe upon all foure: if I doe not ſweat with going this pace: every thing I ſee, me thinkes, ſhould be my father in his white beard.
Sta. It is the property of that paſſion, for feare
Still ſhapes all things we ſee to that we feare.
Raſh. Well ſaid Logicke, ſiſter, I pray lay hold of him,
For the man I ſee is able to give the Watch an anſwer, if they
Enter Spendall, Widdow, and Phillis,
ſhould come upon him with Interrogatories: zounds we are diſcovered, boy, come up cloſe, and uſe the property of your Lanthorne: what dumbe ſhew ſhould this be?

Geral. They take their way directly, intend nothing againſt us,

Sta. Can you not diſcerne who they are?

Ioyce. One is *Spendall.*

Gart. The other is the Widdow, as I take it.

Sta. 'Tis true, and that's her maide before her.

Raſh. What a night of conſpiracie is here, more villanie? there's another goodly mutton going, my father is fleeced of all, griefe will give him a box yfaith, but 'tis no great matter, I ſhall inherit the ſooner, nay ſoft ſir, you ſhall not paſſe ſo currant with the matter, I'le ſhake you a little: who goes there?

Spend. Out with the Candle, who's that askes the queſtion?

Raſh. One that has ſome reaſon for't.

Spend. It ſhould be, by the voyce, yong *Raſh.*
Why we are honeſt folkes.

Raſh, Pray where doe you dwell? not in towne I hope?

Spend. Why we dwell, zownds where doe we dwell?
I know not where.

Raſh. And you'l be married you know not when, zownds it were a Chriſtian deed to ſtop thee in thy journy: haſt thou no more ſpirit in thee, but to let thy tongue betray thee. Suppoſe I had beene a Conſtable, you had beene in a fine taking, had you not?

Spend. But my ſtill worthy friend,
Is there no worſe face of ill bent towards me,
Then that thou merrily put'ſt on?

Raſh. Yes, here's foure or five faces more, but ne'r an ill one, though never an excellent good one, Boy, up with your lanthorne of light, and ſhew him his aſſociats, all running away with the fleſh as thou art, go yoake together, you may be oxen one day, and draw all together in a plough, go march together, the Parſon ſtaies for you pay him royally, come, give me the Lanthorne, for you have light ſufficient, for night has put off his black Cap, and ſalutes the morne, now farewell my little children of *Cupid*, that walke by two and two as if you went a feaſting: let me heare no more words, but be gone.

Spend. & Sta. Farewell.

Gart. & Ioyce Farewell brother. *Manet Raſh.*

Raſh. I, you may crie farewell, but if my father ſhould know of my villanie, how ſhould I fare the? but all's one, I ha done my ſiſters

good

good,my friends good,and my ſelfe good, and a generall good is alwaies to be reſpected before a particular, ther's eight ſcore pounds a yeare ſaved,by the conveyance of this widdow. I heare footſteps, now darkeneſſe take me into thy armes, and deliver me from diſcovery. *Exit.*

Enter ſir Lyonell.

Lyonell. Lord, Lord, what a careleſſe world is this; neyther Bride nor Bridegroome ready, time to go to Church, and not a man unrooſted, this age has not ſeene a young gallant riſe with a candle, we live drowned in feather-beds, and dreame of no other felicity: this was not the life when I was a young man, what makes us ſo weake as we are now? a featherbed: what ſo unapt for exerciſe? a feather-bed: what breeds ſuch paines and aches in our bones? why a feather-bed or a wench, or at leaſt a wench in a feather-bed: is it not a ſhame, that an old man as I am ſhould be up firſt, & in a wedding day? I thinke in my conſcience there's more mettall in lads of three ſcore, then in boyss of one and twenty. *Enter Basket hilt.*
Why *Basket hilt*: *Bask.* Here ſir.

Lyon. Shall I not be truſſed to day?

Bask. Yes ſir, but I went for Water.

Lyon. Is *Will Raſh* up yet?

Basket. I thinke not ſir, for I heard no body ſtirring in the houſe.

Lyon. Knocke ſirra at his chamber, *Knocke within.*
The houſe might be plucked downe and builded againe
Before hee'd wake with the noyſe. *Raſh aloft.*

Raſh. Who's that keepes ſuch a knocking, are you madde?

Lyon. Rather thou art drunke, thou lazy ſlowch,
That makſt thy bed thy grave, and in it burieſt
All thy youth and vigor; up for ſhame.

Raſh. Why tis not two a clocke yet.

Lyo. Out ſluggiſh knave tis neerer unto five,
The whole houſe has out-ſlept themſelves, as if they had drunke wilde poppy: Sirra, goe you and rayſe the maides, and let them call upon their Miſtreſſes.

Bask. Well ſir, I ſhall. *Exit.*

Enter Scattergood and Bubble.

Scat. Did I eate any Lettice to ſupper laſt night, that I am ſo ſleepie, I thinke it be day light, brother *Bubble.*

Bub, What ſai'ſt thou brother? heigh ho!

Lyo. Fie, fie, not ready yet? what ſluggiſhneſſe
Hath ſeiz'd upon you? why thine eyes are cloſe ſtill.

Bub. As faſt as a Kentiſh oyſter, ſurely I was begotten in a Plumm-tree,
I ha ſuch a deale of gumme about mine eies. *Enter Servant.*

Lyon. Lord how you ſtand! I am aſham'd to ſee
The Sunne ſhould be a witneſſe of your ſloth,
Now ſir, your haſte?

Bask. Marry ſir, there are gueſts comming to accompany you to Church.

Ly. Why this is excellent, men whom it not concerns
Are more reſpective then we that are maine Actors.

Bub. Father *Raſh*, be not ſo outrageous, we wil goe in and buckle our ſelves, all in good time, how now! what's this about my ſhins?
Enter old Geraldine, and Long-field.

Scatt. Me thought our ſhankes were not fellowes, we have metamorphoſed our ſtockings for want of ſplendor.

Bub Pray what's that *Splendor*?

Scatt. Why 'tis the Latin word for a Chriſtmas Candle. *Exit.*

Lyon. O Gentlemen, you love, you honour mee, welcome, welcome good Maſter *Geraldine*, you have taken paines
To accompany an undeſerving friend. *Enter Phillis.*

Old Ger. You put us to a needleſſe labour ſir,
To runne and winde about for circumſtance,
When the plaine word, I thanke you, would have ſerv'd.

Lyo. How now wench, are the females ready yet?
The time comes on upon us, and we runne backeward:
We are ſo untoward in our buſines,
We thinke not what we have to doe, nor what we doe.

Phill. I know not ſir whether they know what to doe, but I am ſure they have beene at Church well nie an houre, they were afraid you had got the ſtart of them, which made them make ſuch haſte.

Lyon. Is't poſſible, what thinke you Gentlemen?
Are not theſe wenches forward? is there not vertue in a man
can make yong Virgins leave their beddes ſo ſoone?
But is the Widdow gone along with them?

Phill.

Phill. Yes ſir, why ſhe was the ring-leader.

Lyo. I thought as much, for ſhe knowes what belong's to't.
Come Gentlemen, me thinkes 'tis ſport to ſee
Young wenches run to church before their husbands: *Ex. Raſh.*
Faith we ſhall make them bluſh for this ere night:
A ſirra, are you come? why that's well ſaid;
I marl'd indeed that all things were ſo quiet,
Which made me thinke th'ad not unwrapt their ſheets;
Enter Servant with a Cloake.
And then were they at Church I hold my life:
Maides thinke it long untill ech be made a wife.
Enter Spend. Sta. Geraldine, Widdow, Gartred, and Ioyce.
Haſt thou my cloake knave? well ſaid, put it on,
Wee'l after them; let me goe haſten both,
Both the Bridegroomes forward, wee'l walke a little
Softly on afore: but ſee, ſee, if they be not come
To fetch us now, we come, we come,
Bid them returne, and ſave themſelves this labour.

Raſh. Now have I a quartane ague upon me.

Lyonell. Why how now! why come you from Church to kneele thus publikely, what's the matter?

Ger. We kneele ſir for your bleſſing.

Lyon. How, my bleſſing! Maſter *Geraldine*, is not that your ſon?

Old Ger Yes ſir, and that, I take it, is your daughter.

Lyo. I ſuſpect knavery, what are you?
Why doe you kneele hand in hand with her?

Sta. For a fatherly bleſſing too ſir.

Lyon. Hoy day! 'tis palpable, I am gull'd, and my ſonne *Scattergood* and *Bubble* fool'd, you are married?

Spend. Yes ſir, we are married.

Lyon. More villainy! every thing goes the wrong way.

Spend. We ſhall goe the right way anon, I hope.

Lyon. Yes marry ſhall you, you ſhall eene to the Counter againe, and that's the right way for you.

Wid O you are wrong,
The priſon that ſhall hold him are theſe armes.

Lyo. I do feare that I ſhall turne ſtinckard, I do ſmell ſuch a matter: you are married then?

Enter Scatter-good and Bubble.

Spend. *Ecce ſignum*, here's the wedding Ring t'affirme it.

Lyon. I beleeve the knave has drunke Ipocras,
He is ſo pleaſant.

Scat. God morrow Gentlemen.

Bub. *Tu quoque* to all: what, ſhall wee goe to Church?
Come, I long to be about this geare.

Lyo. Do you heare me, will you two go ſleep againe? take out the tother nap, for you are both made Cockelcombes, and ſo am I.

Scatt. How, Cockel-combes!

Lyo. Yes Cockel-combes.

Scatt Father, that word Cockel-comb goes againſt my ſtomack.

Bub. And againſt mine, a man might ha digeſted a Woodcocke better.

Lyon. You two come now to go to church to be married,
And they two come from Church and are married.

Bub. How, married! I would ſee that man durſt marry her.

Ger. Why ſir, what would you doe?

Bub. Why ſir I would forbid the banes.

Scat. And ſo would I.

Lyon. Do you know that youth in Sattin, hee's the penner: that belongs to that Inck-horne.

Bub. How, let me ſee, are not you my man *Gervaſe?*

Scat. Yes ſir. *Enter a Sergeant.*

Bub. And have you married her?

Scat. Yes Sir.

Bub. And doe you thinke you have uſde me well?

Scat. Yes ſir.

Bub. O intolerable raſcall! I will preſently be made a Juſtice of Peace, and have thee whipp'd, go fetch a Conſtable.

Scat. Come, y'are a flouriſhing Aſſe; Sergeant take him to thee, he has had a long time of his Pageantry.

Lyon. Sirra let him goe, I'le be his baile, for all debts which come againſt him.

Scat. Reverend ſir, to whom I owe the duty of a ſonne,
Which I ſhall ever pay in my obedience:
Know that which made him gracious in your eyes,

And

And guilded over his imperfections,
Is waſted and conſumed even like ice,
Which by the vehemence of heate diſſolves,
And glides to many rivers, ſo his wealth,
That felt a prodigall hand, hot in expence,
Melted within his gripe, and from his coffers,
Ranne like a violent ſtreame to other mens,
What was my owne, I catch'd at.

Lyon. Have you your morgage in?

Scat. Yes ſir.

Lyon. Stand up, the matter is well amended,
Maſter *Geraldine*, you give ſufferance to this match.

Old Ger. Yes marry doe I ſir, for ſince they love,
I'le not have the crime lie on my head,
To divide man and wife.

Lyon. Why you ſay well, my bleſſing fall upon you,

Wid. And upon us that love, ſir *Lyonell*.

Lyo. By my troth ſince thou hoſt tane the young knave,
God give thee joy of him, and may he prove
A wiſer man then his Maiſter.

Sta. Sergeant, why doſt not carry him to priſon?

Serg. Sir *Lyonell Raſh* will baile him.

Lyo. I baile him knave! wherefore ſhould I baile him?
No, carry him away, I'le relieve no prodigalls.

Bub. Good ſir *Lyonell*, I beſeech you ſir, Gentlemen, I pray make a purſe for me.

Serg. Come ſir, come, are you begging?

Bub. Why that does you no harme. *Gervaſe*, maſter I ſhould ſay; ſome compaſſion.

Sta. Sergeants, come backe with him, looke ſir, here is your livery.
If you can put off all your former pride,
And put on this with that humilitie
That you firſt wore it, I will pay your debts,
Free you of all incumbrances,
And take you againe into my ſervice.

Bub. Tenter-hooke let me go, I wil take his worſhips offer without wages, rather then come into your clutches againe; a man in

a blew coate may have ſome colour for his knavery, in the Counter he can have none.

Lyon. But now M. *Scatter-good*, what ſay you to this?

Scat. Marry I ſay 'tis ſcarce honeſt de aling for any man to conny-catch another mans wife, I proteſt wee'l not put it up.

Sta. No, which we? *Scatt.* Why *Gartred* and I.

Sta. Gartred, why ſhee'l put it up. *Scatt.* Will ſhe?

Ger. I that ſhe will, and ſo muſt you. *Scatt.* Muſt I?

Ger. Yes that you muſt.

Scatt. Well, if I muſt, I muſt; but I proteſt I would not: But that I muſt: So *vale, vale: Et tu quoque.* *Exit.*

Lyon. Why that's well ſaid,
Then I perceive we ſhall wind up all wrong:
Come Gentlemen, and all our other gueſts:
Let our well temper'd bloods taſte *Bacchus* feaſts,
But let us know firſt how theſe ſports delight,
And to theſe Gentlemen each bid good night.

Raſh. Gentles, I hope, that well my labour ends,
All that I did was but to pleaſe my friends.

Ger. A kind enamoret I did ſtrive to prove,
But now I leave that, and purſue your love.

Gart. My part I have performed with the reſt,
And though I have not, yet I would doe beſt.

Sta. That I have cheated through the Play, 'tis true,
But yet I hope I have not cheated you.

Joyce. If with my clamours I have done you wrong,
Ever hereafter I will hold my tongue.

Spend. If through my riot I have offenſive beene,
Henceforth I'le play the civill Cittizen.

Wid. Faith, all that I ſay, is, how ere it happe,
Widdowes like Maids ſometimes may catch a clappe.

Bub. To mirth and laughter henceforth I'le provoke ye,
If you but pleaſe to like of *Greenes tu quoque.*

FINIS.